THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

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The World Over — The American Scene — Letters and the Arts
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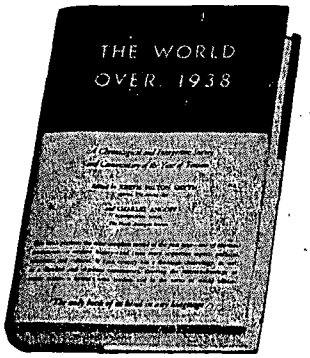

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Letters to the Editors

The columns of THE LIVING AGE *are open to selected letters from readers who are asked to limit communications to not more than 250 words.*

Urges 'Positive Eugenics'

SIR: Politically I am an avowed opponent of Nazi philosophy. With reference to your October article, 'Selection from the Skies,' I must declare most reluctantly, however, that the German Sterilization Law is as scientifically sound as our very limited knowledge of eugenics and genetics will allow. This law reveals more accurate scientific insight than many of our twenty-nine sterilization laws of as many states of the Union. I recently returned from a two months' survey of the human sterilization movement in the Third Reich. I found that in the execution of their law the Germans were not guilty of many excesses other than those that might be expected from human error in determining whether the prescribed maladies in the German law were hereditary in the various cases that came up for consideration. In every case that reached my attention the patient was given the benefit of the doubt. I found no evidence at all of the execution of the German law being abused to punish political offenders, or to exterminate Jews. There are no official statistics showing the number of sterilization operations that have been performed in Germany. A semi-official statement covering the first year of the history of the law estimates it to be 50,000.

My criticism of the German sterilization law is that which I make of all sterilization laws, and that is that their proponents promise too much. The danger to society is not so much the obvious manic depressive or dementia præcox, but their parents who frequently conduct themselves like normal human beings but are latent hereditary carriers of defectiveness. The scientific problem is how are we going to select the latter group. The former is more usually sterile anyhow. It will take a thousand years or so to eradicate these dysgenic people from our society by sterilization. The practical solution of the betterment of the population lies in positive eugenics, *i.e.*, in marital advice and in education particularly in the matter of mate selection.

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LITTLE, BROWN

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933 OF

THE LIVING AGE

Published monthly at Concord, New Hampshire for October 1, 1939.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared I. Harvey Williams, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of THE LIVING AGE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Living Age Company, Inc., 420 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Joseph Hilton Smyth, 420 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Irvine Harvey Williams, 420 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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IRVINE HARVEY WILLIAMS
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1939.

EDITH M. HEMALA
Notary Public

[SEAL]

(My commission expires March 30, 1940.)

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Referring to specific assertions made by the authors of the several articles on human sterilization in your issue aforementioned, permit me to ask the following questions. Assuming that a sterilization program would have deprived us of Beethoven, Kant and Schiller (p. 133), does it necessarily follow that similar geniuses might not have arisen from the normal population? Furthermore, is the loss of Beethoven, Kant and Schiller too big a price to pay for the elimination of thousands of dysgenic people who are a burden to themselves and to society?

Major Suchsland's statement (p. 134) recommending war as a eugenic device is not a surprise to me. Many eugenists even in our own democracy believe that war eliminates the weak and encourages the strong.

Referring to a comment on page 136, Professor Lenz is a Nazi propagandist and exaggerates the danger of the fertility of the mentally deficient. What he maliciously does with his statistics is this. He generalizes from a few isolated cases in which a few manic depressive parents have had a large number of equally defective children. If the specter of the mentally deficient is so great, why are there actually few such patients in the German population? Many eugenists bemoan the fact, like the author of the eugenics article on p. 137, that we are so selective in the mating of dogs, cattle and horses, and so little thought is given to breeding in the selection of our wives or husbands. My comment on this point is this: Permit the scrub cows or horses and the well bred cows or horses to forage for themselves. Which will survive? What percentage of the pure bred cows are excellent milk producers? Are not our scrub cows in many instances as good or even better milk producers than the pure bred milch cows?

College of the City of New York — J. H. LANDMAN

Adverse Italian Economy

SIR: May I contribute a few facts culled from the Fascist press to corroborate the interesting article on Italian economy published in your October issue?

The general tone of the Fascist papers after the middle of September indicates that Italy is girding reluctantly for war, but is girding herself nonetheless. From the number of restrictions which have been imposed, one can conclude that the country will not enter the war on the side of those nations that are rolling in raw materials. For instance, to save on coal, the gas supply has been limited for private consumers to no more than nine hours a day. Housewives in Rome have normal pressure only between 6:30 to 8 A.M., 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. and 6:30 to 9 P.M. Pressure is lowered during the rest of the time. Normal pressure is maintained at all times only in hospitals, barracks and industrial plants. (*Giornale d'Italia, Regime Fascista*, September 20, 21.)

Numerous articles in all papers—beginning with Virginio Gayda in the *Giornale d'Italia*—enjoin the population to the strictest economy. Nothing must be wasted. Fats must be conserved in view of their value not only as food but of their importance for the making of munitions. Scrap paper and other such waste which is ordinarily consigned to the refuse pile must be saved and used as combustibles to economize on hard and liquid fuel. Bronze statues are being removed from parks and squares on the ground of ugliness; iron fences have already disappeared. The use of all kinds of substitutes is being advised. The use of 'pure coffee' is punishable by fines and sequestration. (*Giornale d'Italia*, Sept. 20.)

It is interesting to note that none of the above-mentioned measures were deemed necessary during the World War. Yet Italy is still a so-called 'neutral' country with the markets of the world open to her. If such restrictions are necessary when she is still at peace, what steps will remain when the country is at war?

Northampton, Mass. BARBARA STANLEY

A Refugee Reply

SIR: I would like to make some remarks on the article 'As Nazi Tourists See Us' which you published in your October issue. Let me tell you at first briefly who I am, because that is not unimportant in this connection: I was born in Munich, Germany, where I lived for twenty-five years until I had to emigrate last Summer, being a Jew. Now I am fortunate enough to have the chance to continue the studies, which I was compelled to interrupt in Germany, in this great and wonderful country.

People often are surprised when they perceive that I remember Germany with gratitude, love, and admiration, that I cannot and will not forget the cities, lakes, mountains and forests, in which I spent marvelous times,

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN, whose sketch, 'To Die for Poland,' we are publishing in this issue, is the author of the year's best-seller autobiography, *Days of Our Years*, the most absorbing memoirs in many a day. He has just returned to this country to lecture, after many years in Europe, Africa and the Near East as correspondent for the New York *Evening World* and other American and Canadian newspapers. [p. 208]

IN 1914 the catastrophe of the World War was brought home more gradually than now, when ten minutes after the declaration of war air-raid warning was sounded, and soon afterward the trains were filled with the children being evacuated to the country. Harold Nicolson, who was already a prominent political figure during the last war, and at the Versailles Peace Conference, here compares his impressions of 'Then and Now.' [p. 212]

HUMOR thrives even on such arid soil as the war-torn Continent. In France they are making rueful jokes on the 'Triumph of Anastasie,' the spirit of censorship and the Gallic equivalent of the English 'Dora.' [p. 215] The British go about keeping the general public cheerful with their characteristic dogged thoroughness, producing, alas, a complete 'Blackout of Humor.' [p. 215] In the third article of this section, three well-known American radio commentators, placed in strategic spots of the world, describe their experiences with the censor [p. 220]; while the last article deals with that irrepressible pest, 'The Man Who Knows.' [p. 223]

MAURICE HALPERIN, the author of 'Mexico Faces the Test,' is on the faculty of the University of Oklahoma. He is a

(*Continued on page 300*)

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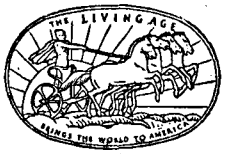

November, 1939 *Volume 357, Number 4478*

The World Over

THE HOPES AND FEARS of the belligerents in the present conflict are fairly clear. Much less clear, however, are those of the major neutral States, the Soviet Union, Italy, the United States and Japan. Any attempt to speculate on their position must lead to certain inherent contradictions because of overlapping aspirations; and a certain degree of over-simplification is likewise inevitable. But it may be said that events appear to shape themselves along these lines:

Russia desires an ultimate German, as well as a British defeat. She wants the latter, with reservations, because, for all Russian contempt for the British bourgeois régime, its complete defeat is desirable only if it could be made a Communist State; since that is out of the question, at least for the present, Great Britain must be maintained as a counterfoil to Japan, in the view of the Soviet Union. Russia has much to gain from a protracted war in which she can fish in muddy waters. Thus she is likely to give limited support to Hitler until a German revolution—under Soviet tutelage—seems imminent. In addition to her acquisitions since the outbreak of war, a further thrust into middle Asia and northwestern China, even a military one, seems likely, unless events in the West, such as a German revolution, would force her to turn toward Europe. The Soviet Union is still fearful of a preponderantly strong Germany, lest she be stabbed in the back. For that reason, Stalin wel-

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comes the probability that the Allies will impair the German war-machine. Russia has no desire to fight in the West: this would only strengthen Hitler, while weakening her own position in the Far East.

Italy desires Great Britain's as well as Hitler's defeat. And she wants to see Russian aggrandizement checked. Hitler's downfall, however, should not be complete. Italy doubtless wants to see a weakened Germany, yet not lose its ideological ally completely—rather keep Germany politically sympathetic but also politically dependent on Italy. As for Italian hegemony in the Mediterranean and Fascist aspirations for a revived Roman Empire—England's defeat is the prerequisite. On the other hand, Italy is genuinely apprehensive of the effects of the German-Russian non-aggression pact, lest Russian encroachment in the Balkans conflict with Italian interests. In addition, Italy fears a possible sovietization of Germany which might jeopardize Mussolini's régime. It should not be forgotten that the Duce's prestige has already suffered, first because of German penetration and, second, because of the afore-mentioned pact. The rôle of peacemaker would thus be much to the liking of the Italian Premier.

For its part, the United States desires an Allied victory and the preservation of the British *status quo*. It is fully realized in Washington that a further weakening of the democratic bulwarks in Europe will bring in its wake a more ambitious attempt at Fascist-Nazi penetration in the Americas. Assuming an Allied defeat, after which Stalin and Hitler might turn against each other, Japan would be free to act in the Pacific, if indeed she is not free at this moment.

As for Japan, she has the least to win from either party's victory. A Nazi defeat would give Russia a tremendous new impetus in Asia, the British fleet in the Pacific would be increased and Japanese designs on British spheres threatened. It is mainly the prospect of further Soviet encroachment in China which makes an Allied victory appear as the lesser evil to Japan—although she hopes that victory would require enough time to permit Japan to plant herself in British spheres of influence.

This outline suggests that only the stand of the United States is clear.

So far as the war is concerned, affinities exist between:—

Japan and Italy, since both are interested in curbing Russia and since both will be the losers whichever side wins;

The United States and Russia, since both want to hamper Japan, for which reason the Soviet Union must share, although only with reservations, the United States' desire for maintenance of the British *status quo*.

CONCEIVABLY, ENGLAND AND FRANCE find themselves today in the position of the man marrying for money who discovered, when the

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money was gone, that he had unwittingly made a love match. To be sure, the democracies are fighting for the maintenance of the territorial *status quo* which Hitler threatens. But beyond this, indications grow that they have gone into the war with at least some part of the old-fashioned concepts of national honor and liberty—that this generation, as the London *Times* put it, 'has resolved to sacrifice itself in order to secure tolerable existence for posterity.'

One thing is certain. Today it is Stalin who occupies the driver's seat. Hitler is in no position to resist him. Hitler and Stalin went into their love-fest to throw the Western Powers into confusion. Yet Hitler can hardly have expected Stalin to turn on him so soon. Stalin's aid may have seemed a bargain, even at the price of half of Poland. But with Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and perhaps Finland thrown in as a gratuity, the embrace may now seem to Hitler to have been unnecessarily ardent. Hitler cannot be expected to greet possible Russian hegemony over the Balkans and the Black Sea, or the 'liberation' of Bessarabia from Rumania, with great enthusiasm.

As yet the new Berlin-Moscow Axis seems to have reached no agreement on the delimitation of spheres of influence in the Balkans. Here Hitler is in a dilemma. If he loses, he risks losing the support of his Italian partner in the other axis. Quite possibly that friendship is already on the decline. If he opposes Soviet ambitions in the Balkans, on the other hand, he suffers perhaps an even more severe setback.

Various symptoms suggest that Hitler is well aware that he has lost ground. Both Chamberlain and Daladier have bluntly declared that 'it is the German Government and the German Government alone' which is regarded as the chief obstacle in the path of peace. Even the most rigid censorship cannot prevent the German people from learning this eventually.

Up to the time of Chamberlain's rejection of Hitler's peace offer, a note of fear, mingled with threats, was manifest in Hitler's pronouncements. Opening the seventh annual Winter Relief drive—called War Winter Relief this year—the Chancellor declared that 'if they reject our readiness for peace, then Germany is determined to take up the battle and fight it out—one way or another.' The various suggestions emanating from Berlin at mediation by a neutral, preferably President Roosevelt, were conceivably dictated by fear. Yet since any such mediatory action, except perhaps on the part of Mussolini, seems highly improbable now, the 'most gruesome blood bath in history' remains the tragic and the immediate prospect.

THERE IS ONE ASPECT of Anglo-French propaganda that is unique in this conflict, and that is its reiteration of the economic frailties of the

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Reich. The London and Paris broadcasts are full of it, and the British and French press seize avidly upon all items of news that show, or may be made to show, that while Germany's position may be strong militarily, economically the country is in a perilous way. This is comforting to those in France and Britain who dread the undoubted efficiency of Hitler's war-machine, and who accept at face value the Chancellor's threats (as at Danzig, September 19) to employ 'a weapon which cannot be turned against us'—a threat that was believed by some to mean a death-ray; then, too, there was his more recent prediction of the 'most gruesome blood bath in history,' made on October 12, after Mr. Chamberlain unequivocally indicated thumbs-down on the Führer's hints for peace or, at least, an armistice to initiate negotiations.

Apart from the usual atrocity fables, most war propaganda in 1914–18 took the form of the exaggeration of the extent of military operations and the minimizing—or the flat denial—of enemy successes. The public measuring-rod of success or failure lay in the number of miles advanced, the casualties inflicted and the prisoners captured.

Paul Reynaud, France's outspoken Finance Minister, has recently warned the public against any such 'naïve' method of judging the progress of the war. Of course, he may be seeking to prepare the home front against reverses on the Western front now that Hitler's generals have ceased shadow-boxing and are underway with striking the 'total blow' of which both Hitler and Göring speak so confidently. But whatever his motives, he is talking sense when he says:—

> those who believe that only artillery speaks with authority are deluding themselves. The outcome of this war will not depend on where we can pin little French or British flags on war-maps. I am telling the truth when I say that already in great measure Germany is exhausted by her gigantic effort of past years to prepare herself for war. Do not forget that while the military front is vital, behind it must be the support of an invulnerable economic, financial and monetary front. . . . I might point out that today the Bank of France possesses twice as much gold as it had in August 1914. Our economic and financial position is immensely superior to that of the enemy.

Moreover, even when one cautiously discounts Mr. Winston Churchill's weekly reports of enemy tonnage sunk and contraband tonnage confiscated, nevertheless it is such economic factors as these that will win the war, as it did before when Germany, after four years, was broken by starvation at home and in the trenches (the London *Economist* states that 800,000 civilians died of starvation). Surely this is true, even if the Reichswehr had an ace in the hole in some new weapon of fearful proportions. The American public is receiving more war news than do people in England or France or Germany, and possibly we can judge a degree more accurately than they as to what is really taking place. But when

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eight-column streamers howl of a German or an Anglo-Saxon advance in the Rhineland, it is well to remember that essentially the situation today would not be changed were the Germans to make a sensational advance overnight and were able to establish themselves on the Marne.

PERHAPS THERE LIES A CLUE to a better understanding of the temperaments of world figures directly or indirectly involved in the present conflict if one rolls back the calendar to 1914, just before the outbreak of the World War. At that time, what were the circumstances of their lives?

Adolf Hitler was in Munich, a complete nonentity at twenty-five, living in straitened circumstances. When Germany declared war on August 2, the subsequent Führer of the Third Reich went down on his knees, so he says in *Mein Kampf*, and thanked God for living in such a historic time. He approached King Ludwig of Bavaria with a petition to allow him to join the Bavarian Army. Hitler, despising his native Austria, had no intention of fighting in the Hapsburg army. He received the desired permission and reported for service, in which he reached the rank of corporal.

King George VI joined the war as an eighteen-year-old midshipman on the battleship *Collingwood*, which at that time was engaged in maneuvers. The ship received orders to attach itself to the British battle fleet at Scapa Flow. The orders were given by Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, again in that post today. Churchill had been one of the few who for long had believed in the inevitability of war with Germany. Thus, he had taken care that the British fleet remained in readiness, even after the maneuvers were over. The order which intervened in the destiny of the future King was given on August 4.

In 1914, Neville Chamberlain was a Birmingham alderman and was soon to become a director of Birmingham Small Arms, Ltd.

Mussolini was the editor of the *Avanti* of Milan, a Socialist newspaper. Within two years he had increased his circulation five-fold. In August, 1914, he started a campaign for Italy's neutrality, but soon changed his stand and advocated intervention on the side of the Allies.

Daladier was a school-teacher in the Vanclause Department, enjoying his vacation. He was thirty, interested in Socialism, and had political ambitions. On mobilization day he joined the army, through which he served as sergeant-major in the 158th infantry.

Farthest removed from the scene of action at the outbreak of the last war was Joseph Stalin. He was a political prisoner in Northern Siberia.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

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THE EMBARGO QUESTION raises a peculiar problem at this time in the foreign policy of the United States. When the regular session of the Congress closed last summer, one of the items left on the calendar for debate was whether to clamp down an embargo on war materials to Japan. This subject was to be taken up when the Congress reconvened for its regular session next January, which month also was to mark the termination of the 1911 American-Japanese treaty of commerce and navigation, which Washington abrogated in July. To complicate the situation, the Congress now called into special session is debating whether to lift the ban on the sale of arms to belligerents in Europe. Thus Washington is confronted with a curious situation: war is official in Europe, because war has been formally declared; fighting has been in progress in Asia for more than two years, but war there has not been declared. Under the present neutrality law, the President was forced to place an embargo on certain shipments to Europe whereas, paradoxically, shipments of the same materials to Asia are lawful. The question then remains, if the Congress lifts the embargo on European arms shipments can it, by the same token, clamp down on shipments to Asia where, theoretically, there is no actual war? The answer, of course, is No.

But the more immediate European problem has by no means made Americans forgetful of the undeclared war in Asia. After spending many months stimulating American public opinion in favor of sanctions against Japan, the American Committee for Non-Participation in Japanese Aggression in China, with former Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson as honorary chairman, is still pressing to 'accelerate through legislative means an embargo on exports to Japan of American scrap, pig-iron, cotton, oil and trucks.' This program will be pushed vigorously the moment the subject of a new commercial treaty with Japan is considered in Washington. Japan has made no secret of the fact that Tokyo will ask for a treaty that fully recognizes the 'new order' in East Asia, but embargo proponents, on the other hand, have made it clear that the 85-year-old traditional amity between the United States and Japan must go by the boards until the China 'Incident' is resolved.

FEW, HOWEVER, APPEAR TO REALIZE what serious consequences are sure to arise if the United States decides to apply sanctions to Japan. The first complication will be the most far-reaching in that it will place the United States in a precarious position insofar as American interests in China are concerned: Japan may at once claim the rights of a belligerent (in that we automatically would classify her as such) and demand all the prerogatives of a nation at war, seizing factories, schools and buildings in war-zones and barring American nationals from all areas

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of hostilities: in short, the virtual ouster of all American interests in China.

Furthermore, an embargo on raw materials to Japan—planes already having been 'privately' embargoed by Secretary of State Hull in agreements with the manufacturers—would strike a particularly severe blow to American trade which, according to United States Department of Commerce figures for 1938, totalled $288,000,000 and brought in two dollars for every American dollar spent in Japan. On the Pacific Coast, the figure is most impressive. One-sixth of the export trade of the city of San Francisco is with Japan, while for every dollar that Los Angeles sends to Japan, according to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, that southern California city receives ten dollars in return.

Of all the States, California would be the hardest hit; but what affects one State, especially in regard to commercial transactions which in California alone amounted to more than 67 million dollars, affects all our States. In 1938, for example, Japan purchased more than $50,000,000 in petroleum, gasoline and lubricants, most of it from California. In the same year, Japan bought nearly 2,000,000 bales of America's cotton surplus from the South, becoming our greatest cotton customer. In return, Japan's largest export is silk, which in 1937 amounted to about $90,000,000. This emerged from American mills as finished goods worth $580,000,000, and gave employment to nearly half a million people—one quarter million directly employed in the silk industry, and another quarter million engaged in transportation and sales.

What would affect Japan the most if the United States embargoed raw materials would be the curtailment of iron-scrap. Yet experts on Far Eastern economics are quick to point out that this would not be a serious blow to Japan in view of the fact that the mining and manufacturing output in Manchukuo has been stepped up so that iron and coal are now produced at an astonishing rate, while the rich iron-mines in Inner Mongolia are producing close to 2,000,000 tons of iron ore a year. As for cotton, Japan can turn to India, South America and North China. For oil, she can turn to Mexico, Venezuela and the East Indies, while remarkable advances have been made in Manchukuo to process oil from coal.

The problem of an American embargo, then, appears to worry Japan not at all. What does worry her is the political pressure-groups at work on the Congress, which Tokyo considers most harmful to her cause, particularly in the light of her plans to draw up a new treaty of friendship with the United States.

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The villagers of Bourg-en-Forêt now wonder over the reasons for war.

To Die *for* Poland . . .

By Pierre van Paassen

THEY came to my house, the villagers of Bourg-en-Forêt, with whom I had scarcely exchanged one word in all the long years that I had lived in their midst. Somehow or other they knew, or they had learned—perhaps from my friend the parish priest, or from the far more loquacious pharmacist—that I had some relationship with foreign newspapers and international politics, that mysterious and sinister realm from which emanated those storm-clouds that had suddenly come to darken their lives with gloom and anguish. Perhaps I was the all-knowing magician who could answer the questions burning on the tip of every one's tongue: Will it be war? *Est-ce qu'on va vraiment mourir pour la Pologne et pour l'Angleterre?*

It was from the demeanor of Henri Loyau, the old *cantonnier*, that I first became aware that there was something more seriously wrong in the village than the usual periodic disquietude to which the long war of nerves had almost habituated us. Often I had watched Loyau at work mending the road, spreading shovelfuls of gravel over the highway in deft fanlike sweeps, and I had marveled at the energy of the old man and the apparent delight he took in his work. Now he was going about his task listlessly, without animation. Nor was he humming that monotonous ditty about going to pick apples in Neuilly as he lingered under my window that last Wednesday in August. It was, in fact, his silence that perturbed me and caused me to look out.

'*Alors*,' he called up abruptly, without the usual formalities about the state of the weather and other preliminary verbal maneuvers, '*alors*, it's for Poland this time, *hein?*'

'That's not what the posters say,' I replied. 'The government tells us that freedom is menaced and that we must defend it with all our might.'

My answer made him ruminate for a minute.

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'For freedom, *hé?*' he came back at last. 'Ah, there is always some good excuse. But isn't that what we were told last time? And what has it brought us? Is France better off now than before the war? Everybody knows that things have been far worse these last few years. Isn't it pure idiocy, then, to try again a remedy that turned out to be poison?'

He fell silent. He scraped the road in quick, angry blows and spat contemptuously. Suddenly he turned his wrinkled, weatherbeaten face to me and he spoke, in a hoarse whisper.

'Monsieur knows my son?'

I nodded.

'All my life I have worked to bring up that boy, to give him a better start in life than I had. I have done it gladly, for he is a good boy, and he is now a teacher in Dijon . . . He leaves tomorrow, monsieur. I haven't slept for a week. I have not eaten. I can't swallow the smallest crust of bread. It sticks here.' He pointed to his throat.

'Tomorrow,' he muttered. 'For Poland, for freedom.' And then, with a vicious snarl that showed his stumpy yellow teeth: 'Ah, *nom d'un nom de Dieu!* Why do we have children, to see them slaughtered? What freedom? . . .'

Slowly the village emptied of its men. The first day of the mobilization the horses went. Even the old horse of the garbage cart was requisitioned; in the long tail-switching procession I recognized it by its soft, melancholy eyes. The village became strangely quiet. Only women were about in the streets. They stood talking in little clusters at the garden gates and when I came near they looked askance at me and their conversation stopped.

Then the Government passed a decree ordering the destruction of all domestic animals *de luxe*, and a military veterinary came to kill our dog, a friend of twelve years, who was almost like a child in our home and who had wandered all over the world with us. I held my hand over his trusting eyes and whispered in his ear the lie that all would be well while the functionary administered the deadly injection . . .

II

As I stood on the darkened railway platform that night, waiting for a train to take me to Paris, where I was to do a broadcast for the NBC, a sharp female voice cried out that it was the aliens who were responsible for all the misery. 'It is they who have been laying down the law to us all these years. Why shouldn't they be made to fight?'

I returned at dawn and entered the gate just as the milkman was making his delivery. He stopped me.

'You are a Huguenot, are your not, monsieur?' he asked.

When I replied in the affirmative, he went on: '*Eh, bien*, what do you say to all this? Is this justice? Is this the work of a God of love, this gruesome slaughter of innocent people we are about to see? What is the sense of this existence, to live in order to be butchered?'

'I believe that God has nothing to do with this, Monsieur Clairveaux,' I said. 'This is the work of man. I can only tell you what an English writer once said when others, before you, blamed and cursed God for the calamity of war. "If men do not like war," that man said, "don't let them engage in it." '

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Before taking the train in the evening of the tenth day of the war I lingered for a while in the Café du Commerce, opposite the railway station. On a seat nearby sat an elderly man in the uniform of a colonel of infantry. At his side was a boy of eighteen or nineteen, obviously his son. The boy had a haversack slung over his shoulder, and at his feet stood a small leather grip of the kind recruits and reservists take along when they leave for the army depots or barracks.

The colonel and his son were holding hands. They did not speak a word. Both were perfectly oblivious of what went on around them. And every once in a while the older man leaned over and put his grizzled head on the lad's shoulder. At last the sound of the train's whistle was heard in the distance and the boy made as if to rise from his seat. But his father held him down.

A world of sadness came into the man's eyes. He aged as I watched. Then the tears started rolling down his cheeks as the two walked silently, hand in hand, to the station.

On the platform stood a reservist, a man I knew well. He was a widower. He had brought his four small children. They stood there with him, three girls and a small boy, a mere infant. The reservist caught sight of the colonel.

'Eh, *mon colonel*,' he exclaimed, 'colonel, look—look at this, *mes quatres gosses*, my four kids. They have no mother. I am leaving. I am called, my colonel. For Poland!'

The man screamed the words. The colonel tried to hush him: 'Be quiet, my friend. What is the good of shouting? *Voilà*, there is the train!'

But the reservist continued to cry out at the top of his voice: '*Pour la Pologne! Mes quatres gosses!* . . . *Pour la Pologne!* . . .'

III

My neighbor Jules Carnot was not taken. He is the handyman who lived up the street a little way from us. The medical board rejected him. He came to tell me about it.

'*Eh, bien*,' he said, 'I am free. I am apparently the only man of military age to stay behind in Bourg.'

'How is that, Jules?'

'It was like this,' Jules explained. 'They had us all lined up in the *mairie*, stripped naked, and looked us over. Grèvecoeur and Vingtier and the others, all had passed. *Bon pour le service*. Fit for every branch of the service. They were already putting on their clothes. Then my turn came. "But you," said the doctor, after he sounded my lungs, "what are you doing here? You have consumption. You know you have consumption. You haven't got six months to live!"

'"Is that so? And they?" I asked the doctor, pointing at Grèvecoeur and the others. "*Et eux?* How long have they—can you tell me that? . . ."'

Four days later the postman rang. 'A registered letter, Monsieur Pelletier?'

'No, monsieur, not a registered letter. Ah, monsieur,' he hesitated a little, 'I have a card to deliver at the widow Garnier's across the way.'

'A card? *The* card?'

'Yes, *the* card. Here it is . . .'

I read: 'The Government of the Republic regrets exceedingly to announce that your son Garnier, Raoul, has fallen on the field of honor . . .'

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'I am carrying this card in my sack these three days,' said the postman. 'I have not the courage to deliver it. Raoul was her only son. What am I to do? Look, monsieur, there she stands at the gate waiting for me to pass. What am I to do? Life will not be worth living for that woman if I deliver this card. Monsieur, will you go and talk to her, sort of prepare her? Will you, monsieur? I can't bring myself to hand her the card . . .'

I promised, and I watched him pass the widow Garnier's cottage with a friendly wave of the hand.

IV

I had prepared a talk to be broadcast to America in which I planned to tell a little of the reaction of the common people to the war, of the sorrowful scenes at the railway stations in Paris and elsewhere, of the human woe and anguish in the homes. But the censor told me that I had seen wrong. The French people were determined to the last man to finish with Hitlerism once and for all. There was no weakness, no room for sloppy sentimentality; the French soldiers were resolute, of one mind.

And then I came back to America and I read the forceful communiqués, Daladier and Chamberlain saying that Britain and France will fight to the limit of their material and human resources. And I thought of the villagers of Bourg, of Paul Vingtier and Grèvecoeur and Pelletier and their wives and children, of the Maginot Line and the bone-crushing tanks, of the bombing planes and of the glory of the mass attacks that are to be launched shortly. And I prayed God to take pity on the hearts of men.

Weather Report

A hurricane
From the Polish plain
Is traveling westward fast.
Wind moderates
In the Balkan States
But skies are overcast.

East of Berlin
Bright spells set in,
Moscow is fine and warm,
But squalls that blow
From the Maginot
Foretell advancing storm.

Main inference—
Cloud dark and dense,
A European cyclone,
Gales in succession,
A deep depression,
And further outlook, unknown.

—Sagittarius, in the
New Statesman and Nation, London

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A World War veteran sees more 'stoic resolve' on the civilian front today.

Then *and* Now

By HAROLD NICOLSON

From the *Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

IN AUGUST, 1914, I made a careful note of my first reactions to war. The first sign of war that I observed occurred when I was in a train coming up from Kent to London. Somewhere in Lewisham there had long been established some Territorial battery which housed a gun in a shed close to the railway line. There was a patch of grass in front of this shed, and as the train passed close to it I noticed that the grass had been churned up by heavy wheels. I realized that the gun had earlier that morning been taken out of its shed. That was the first ocular demonstration of military action. And within a few short hours the evidences accumulated so rapidly that they made no further impress on my mind.

This time my experience was far more dramatic. It was one which was shared by many of my fellow countrymen. Only a few minutes after listening to the Prime Minister's broadcast address on Sunday I walked down with one or two friends to my place of business; and while I was walking through the streets the sirens warbled around us. The question arose whether, as a most obedient citizen, I should seek refuge immediately in the nearest basement or refuge, or whether, as a conscientious worker, I should defy regulations and make for my place of business. On consideration I decided that my own air-raid refuge would be preferable.

That, I think, will for all of us remain the great difference between 1914 and 1939. The First World War was made manifest to me by seeing some grass trampled by the wheels of a Territorial gun; the Second World War intruded itself upon my consciousness owing to the necessity of my having to seek shelter rapidly some thirty minutes after war had been declared. It is essentially a difference between gradualness and urgency. We lolled and slouched into the First World War; the Second has found us infinitely more prepared.

There are other differences. In 1914

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no visible change was at first apparent in the appearance of London. Huge crowds collected everywhere, the men arrayed in straw boaters (a most foolish form of head-gear) and the women wearing hats which would now strike us as ungainly, but which at the time seemed elegant. At night time the streets shone with their wonted brilliance and the theatres and restaurants were crowded. Newsboys rushed along the streets shouting out wholly incorrect information to the effect that the Germans had suffered serious defeats at Namur or Liége and that their advance into Belgium had met with overwhelming failure. Everybody was delighted by these occurrences and a spirit of excited optimism throbbed through every street. It was only gradually, month by month, that the reality of war percolated throughout the country. There were the earlier air-raids; the gradual increase in the submarine menace; the darkening of the streets and the imposition of food regulations. Heaven knows how much time and how many lives were sacrificed to these dawdling methods. The cry was 'Business As Usual.' It was only after two years that the public understood that war was a grim business which allowed small room for individual self-indulgence or even individual profit-making.

Today war conditions have come upon us not by slow stages as old age comes upon us, but with the sudden swoop of some terrific illness. In a few hours the streets of London ceased to resemble Broadway in New York and became dark canyons in which dim figures crept from pavement to pavement. During the last war, and even in its final stages, the lights were dimmed but not extinguished. In this war our city is so dark that a match lit in Kingsway flames like some beacon down the Strand. I find London in such new conditions immensely beautiful. The darkness hides all that is ugliest in our London architecture and brings out all that is most beautiful. St. Martin-in-the-Fields glimmers with the moon and the clouds above it as in some Hogarth print. The Charing Cross Hotel is, fortunately, shrouded in darkness. London triumphantly and sadly abandons its imitation of New York and assumes a stately seventeenth-century aspect.

II

I notice also a difference in the general state of mind. The rather ghastly jollity of 1914 is not apparent in the streets of London these days. People pass each other soberly and seriously. We know that our task is a tremendous task and that there is no room for frivolity. In 1914 many of us younger people imagined that the war would be some rollicking adventure. Today we all realize, whatever our age, that it will prove the grimmest of ordeals, and, what is more, every man and woman today realizes that he or she is personally involved from the start.

Yet in 1914, behind all this excitement and hysteria, there existed a certain doubt as to what the war was all about. What did it matter to us whether an Austrian Archduke had been murdered in some obscure Balkan city? Why was it that the Germans had suddenly invaded Belgium? Those doubts do not exist today. True it is that the surface of the stream does not today bubble with the effervescence which showed itself in the early days of August, 1914. But the current

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underneath is deeper, stronger and more uniform. We know profoundly and widely that the real issue is whether a theory and a system which denies all Christian and all human doctrine is to dominate the continent of Europe. We are not fighting Hitler because of his rights or aspirations; we are fighting him because of his point of view.

I have lived many years in Germany. I have found among the Germans many virtues and a delightful form of companionship. If I have one accusation to make against them it is that they lack civic courage. They accept from their Government things which they would not accept from any individual. They allow their Government to lie to them, to bully them, and now to drive them quite shamelessly into a Second World War. I believe that many people in this country share these views. They like the Germans even as I like them, but they have a contempt for the way in which they allow their Governments to represent and to exploit what is worst in themselves instead of what is best.

I well know that my many German friends hate the present war even as we hate it. I well know that at the time of the persecution of the Jews many of the most patriotic Germans felt ashamed of their own country. But they did nothing about it. No Government in England could possibly have remained in power had it behaved with equal cruelty or untruthfulness. Yet the Germans, while aware of these iniquities and while regretting them, had not the civic courage to insist upon a change of method.

The second difference, as I think and hope, is this. In 1914 we did not make any distinction between the German people and their Government. As the war increased in asperity and ruthlessness many civilians succumbed to feelings of hatred. This was not true of the men in the trenches. But we were suspicious of, and terribly unkind to, many innocent and friendly people who were either of German origin or who were suspected of being what we called 'pro-Germans.' I hope we shall not commit that wanton cruelty this time. I hope that we shall all of us recognize what great virtues the German race possesses; that we shall never forget their contributions to culture; and that we shall force ourselves, however angry we may feel against them, to believe that they are men and women, if not like ourselves (since I regard the Germans as completely different from ourselves), then at least men and women who are capable of high human feelings. But, while we think that, let us not blunt the edge of our resolution by finding excuses for the little group of adventurers who have seized the soul of Germany and strangled it in their ugly hands. I do not often indulge in over-statement. But I do seriously believe that the system established by Herr Hitler is the most evil form of human governance which has existed on this earth since Genghis Khan.

This, therefore, is the difference between then and now. Outwardly, a great change in the speed of war preparation, and a feeling that things which took years to establish in the last war are now being established overnight. Inwardly, in the place of excitement and frivolity a stoic resolve, coupled with the feeling that if we are in truth on the side of great virtues as against mean vices, we must not allow mean vices to creep into our own conduct.

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French censors would be much happier if daily papers would not appear daily; British war 'humor'; the indispensable Rumor Man; the ordeals of radio commentators.

Periphery *of* War

I. Triumph of Anastasie

Adapted from *Match*, Paris Topical Weekly

FROM the beginning of the War, white spaces appeared in the French papers. Paragraphs were eliminated and whole pages left blank, a mute reminder of the exigencies of war.

The Frenchman, seeing them, sighs with resignation and complains over his *apéritif* that Anastasie is running amuck again.

'Anastasie' is the invidious sobriquet applied to censorship as an institution. It covers both the act of censorship and the body of officials who wield the scissors or blue-pencil.

It is a curious name, associated with an odd little symbol, which is completely lacking in gravity and expressive of the ironic bent of the Gallic mind. The white spaces appearing in the sprightly columns of the *Canard Enchaîné* frame a tiny caricature of Anastasie, a little black-gowned old maid armed with a pair of tremendous shears. The name Anastasie dates, I believe, from the Restoration, but the saucy caricature sprang from the malicious crayon of Daumier or Traviez.

That first conception has never changed. Anastasie remains a seared, crotchety old maid, whose ears are offended by the slightest freedom of speech. With hair tied in a top-knot and corkscrew curls, she resembles the French distortion of an English governess. And like an implacable old maid, with her enormous scissors she storms through the papers, a gloating smile of rapture on her bony face, mutilating and emasculating.

It is amusing—and a typically Gallic brand of irreverent humor—to find an old maid as a symbol of a govern-

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ment service, particularly when one considers that in past generations ladies penetrated into the Ministries only through back doors, and were anything but old maids. One learns a little more of this patroness of M. Jean Giraudoux, the Minister of Information, after looking through the Saints' calendar. There was a Saint Anastasia who flourished under Emperor Valerian and whose leisure time was occupied in cutting flowers with gardener's shears, similar to those with which she now is armed. It seems that the Roman despot whose advances she spurned took revenge on the virtuous lady by progressively cutting off her tongue and all her extremities. This is presumably the same martyrdom which Anastasie in her modern reincarnation is now inflicting on a despairing press.

II

Anastasie is at present living in a hotel where, like a rich and distinguished guest, she occupies the entire third floor. There she sharpens her scissors every morning by clipping the wings of the fat pigeons that flutter around the Tuileries. The rest of the hotel is occupied by M. Giraudoux's other departments. For his part, he is enthroned in the apartments of Anastasie on the third floor, where he lives in profound mystery, peace and solitude.

His exalted position does not prevent many jokes at his expense. He has been charged with perfidy to *Ondine*, the heroine of his last successful play, whom he has purportedly forsaken for Anastasie, and columnar wags have wondered at the 'perverted' motives that cause a man of Giraudoux's undoubted taste to turn from the fresh charms of his delicious watersprite to the bony arms of an old maid. But others say that at heart he is not false, since his work still has much to do with *des ondes*, the waves (not the most brilliant pun): most of Giraudoux's time is spent preparing the lucid and forceful addresses which it is his duty to broadcast to the French people.

Not far from the inner sanctum where Giraudoux ponders is a little office, in the middle of which stands a small table. M. André Maurois, a member of the French Academy, and M. Jules Laroche, an ambassador, are seated at it, facing each other. Both the Immortal and the Diplomat stare at the table fixedly, as if they expected it any moment to spin like a ouija board, and were ready to demand of it: 'Spirit of France, are you there?' But neither M. Maurois nor M. Laroche are waiting for the spirit of France to descend upon them. On the contrary, they are charged with the task of distributing that spirit throughout the world. The little room is a broadcasting station, from which have issued many of the most spirited exhortations to the French people.

M. Giraudoux and M. Maurois are not the only writers who have been pressed into the service of the Ministry of Information. The whole field of letters has been mobilized. M. Georges Duhamel now rules the ether waves, a Neptune of the air, though without a beard or a trident. M. Paul Morand, M. Giraudoux's buddy from the previous war, has been sent by the Ministry of Information to London to represent the French Government in the newly created Department of Economic Warfare. There his imperturbable calm makes the most phleg-

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matic of lords look like a jitterbug.

M. Giraudoux has also been given the full use of the motion-picture facilities of Paris. A host of well-known producers have invaded the office of his aide, M. Chataigneau. It must make them feel at home to be greeted at the door by the brilliant smile of Jean-Pierre Aumont, the motion-picture actor who has also been pressed into service.

III

There must be regular offices in the Hotel Continental because there are doors with numbers on them, and a directory on view listing names and titles. But it looks as if most of the activity goes on in the crowded corridors, with censors popping in and out of their rooms. In the first disorderly days of its creation, the Ministry of Information in the hotel looked like a palace during an orgy. The corridors were filled with seductive young ladies and impeccable officers, battalions of distracted Academicians and men of letters. Today there is still a lot of commotion, but everyone is gradually settling down. The place has a grimmer aspect. The Academicians have been comfortably sidetracked into their cubicles. The ex-ambassadors, for whom the place seems to have some fatal attraction, have been relegated to their proper departments. There are still beautiful young ladies, but they look less like models and they carry notebooks and portfolios under their arms.

The corridors, however, are still filled with the military, some in uniform and some in mufti, as well as a variety whose everyday suits are oddly complemented by puttees. There are soldiers of all ages and ranks. Some are so old that they look like ancients from Gambetta's régime. There is a profusion of red ribbons in lapels. These officers are constantly on the watch for any piece of writing that might unwittingly give information to the enemy.

The chief of the Censorship Department is M. Martinaud-Déplat who is, in a way, liaison officer between that service and the President of the Council. He is charged also with helping to smooth the rough edges and with bettering the relationship between these natural and undying enemies, the censors and the journalists.

The censorship procedure has not yet reached the modicum of efficiency. Scissors are flying wildly, snipping much that is unnecessary. You will still find some zealous censor suppressing information in some newspaper that had already appeared in the preceding edition of the *Journal Officiel*, or an authorized communication from the General Staff. And recently the censorship played havoc with an article about an illustrious military figure, leaving the following two sentences in a paragraph, which, in conjunction, provoked the justifiable ire of the general in question. 'General X is a true hero. . . . He has not washed for fifteen days.' It reminds one of a story by Heine about the German censorship which had suppressed the whole contents of an article, leaving only the following words: 'The censors . . . are . . . idiots.'

We are sure that the German censors of that time, being very serious-minded people, did not perceive the extent of their stupidity. But we know that the whole Ministry of Informa-

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tion in the Hotel Continental still rocks with laughter at the mistakes its staff is making. As one of them said ruefully, their work would be easier if the daily papers did not insist on appearing daily.

II. Blackout of Humor

By Lamar Middleton

THE censor, in conspiracy with the Ministry of Information, is dealing the British public a foul blow. To judge by many of the London newspapers and weeklies, a harassed and doubtless well-meaning government has sent around word to editorial offices that public risibilities must be tickled in these dark days as a guarantee of psychological health in wartime; and accordingly patriotic publishers are doing their bit in the way of provisioning civilian and soldier alike with at least one laugh *per diem*. That, in any event, is their objective.

The result is appalling. Two very real dangers exist, either of which may lose the war for England. One is that the British soldier and his comrades, listening to B.B.C. 'humor' from their positions behind the Maginot Line, may realize at any moment that the real menace to civilization is not in Germany but at home, and in cold fury will march on the British Isles with their bayonets at the ready; and the other danger is that there will be civil revolution in England, with the heads of radio comedians and newspaper columnists rolling in Piccadilly.

British humor and satire at their best are not topped in France or the United States. At their worst, they are a cut below outright bathos. At the present, they are six cuts below bathos. Picture the effect upon today's Tommy in France, his ear glued to the 'wireless' for a needed belly-laugh, of this typical colloquy, broadcast the other morning from London by two perspiring Cockney comedians:—

'I 'ear 'Itler 'eld a meeting of all 'is pals.'

'Yer don't sye! Where?'

'In a telephone-booth. . . . Har! Har!'

Of course, the effect of this is considerably more demoralizing to the nervous system than a mass air-raid by the enemy, and physically it inflicts much greater damage than poison gas. Brooding over this sort of thing tends to engender defeatism in the ranks at the very outset of war.

Or examine, if you will, another little whimsy. The 'straight' comedian admonishes his London stooge, apropos of nothing, that 'indeed a rolling stone gathers no moss'; whereupon the eager stooge, with arch vocal effects, reminds the comedian that 'a setting hen never lays eggs.' This endures for fifteen minutes, and even by Dr. Goebbels's standards of humor is scarcely stimulating.

The blackout of humor extends to the press and the magazines. Presumably one reason is that editors have been suddenly confronted with an artificial dearth of news by the operations of the Ministry of Information (very comically called the 'Ministry of *Hun*formation' by a *Time and Tide* columnist). The British, French and

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German war communiqués are so written that they cannot be used as springboards for speculative articles on the progress of hostilities, even were the censor to permit it. Empty columns usually reserved for news must somehow be filled. Many advertisers have cancelled contracts because of the war, leaving more gaping columns on make-up tables. Something must be used to fill them up, and the public demands relief from the catastrophe of war. Thus bright little pieces appear under such subtle heads as 'All in the Daze Work,' 'Hair-Raise Warning,' and 'Pius Hopes From the Vatican, He'll Do Watican.' Readers quiver under such a barrage, fearing with reason that total idiocy is just around the corner.

This brand of humor, designed to keep the Briton's mind off the war (but not suicide), cuts through all party lines. The Laborite *Daily Herald* pulls this nifty on its two million readers:—

EXCLUSIVE SENSATION!

As some compensation for the general lack of news, I am happy to be able to report the passage through the Dardanelles last night of 500,000 Spanish troops in rowing-boats.

They were known to be Spaniards from the fact that they were all playing guitars.

They announced their destination as the famous Bessarabian onion steppes, which they intend to occupy peacefully and idealistically for the protection of their crops.

When asked how they knew they would be welcomed as saviors, they replied sagely:—'We know our onions!'

Official circles in Monaco—says an agency message—regard this as another development of a war which threatens to pass understanding.

Well, this alleged jollity does pass understanding. But since editors cannot depend on their staffs alone for wartime *divertissements*, a few of them conduct prize contests for the best patriotic 'humorous contribution' by readers. A Miss G. Pryce of Bournemouth, who must be an irresponsible citizen, recently made the *News-Chronicle* disgorge half a guinea for this one:—

'But I thought you had a gas-mask already, madame?'

'So I have—an every-day one. But I want one for best!'

The tone of many letters-to-the-editor, on the other hand, is deadly serious and, because of the present abundance of news space, these are lush days for the familiar type of epistolary crank. Typical is a missile to the London *Daily Express* which asks:—'Would it not be more in keeping with the British spirit to give air-raid warnings in the form of amplified gramophone records to the tune of the *Colonel Bogey March* and the All Clear with *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?* instead of the dismal and depressing wail now in operation?'

II

The editors of other publications adopt a serious man-to-man tone, a sort of stop-brooding-about-the-war exhortation. C. H. Middleton, a popular B.B.C. commentator, wants the British public to turn assiduously to 'war-time gardening' as a means of forgetting momentarily the threat to democracy. Sir Walford Davies broadcasts that 'a Tranquil Mind is best sustained by dwelling upon things that are constant. As my taximan was saying this morning, "You can drop

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a bomb somewhere, but you can broadcast the truth everywhere." You see, hate or humbug doesn't broadcast well. . . . Let friendly music-making be the rule everywhere during wartime.'

Sir Walford urges a 'friendly sing' in shelters during air-raids, and there is available for such occasions the new war ditty, *We're Going to Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line*, unfortunately not a very hot number. E. M. Forster, a leading novelist, for his part is much exercised 'because Hitler has chosen to make himself a nuisance. But don't think you ought to read this or that, just because it's a war.' Mr. Forster utters a brief to the nation by radio for 'books which offer an escape from the horrors that surround us: fairy-tales, dreamy love-stories, tropic islands where the hero and heroine live together forever, murder stories where murder doesn't matter, romantic criminals who outwit an impossible Scotland Yard. They put us in a happy, gentle state where the present does not worry us.'

No argument about it, that's dandy. But Mr. Forster is put in the shade by the even more alluring adjuration of Mr. W. E. Williams, the editor of a monthly review on adult education, whose favorite recreation is 'play-acting.' Speaking on 'The Spoken Word' to the home-front, and specifically of 'taking our minds off putting this wrecked world to rights,' he suggests that the nervous citizen 'try writing a story . . . about a toy-shop where all the conjuring tricks start working, or about a star which becomes unstuck and bears down upon our planet.' A well-meant suggestion, but scarcely so remote from the aims of German bombers. Mr. Williams also speaks with enthusiasm of 'an escapist parlor-game called "My Aunt Went To Town," a most successful one.'

Since the Ministry of Information has banned crossword puzzles as a device capable of exploitation by German spies, it is understandable that a substitute must be provided. But as between dodging German bombs in the open—or, indeed, frantically inviting their destruction—and playing 'My Aunt Went To Town' in an air raid shelter, there can be no choice. Thousands will prefer death to 'My Aunt.'

III. The Censors in Three Capitals

By William L. Shirer, Thomas B. Grandin, Edward R. Murrow*

[*In the course of a recent 'radio round-up' in which commentators in New York, Washington, London, Paris and Berlin were hooked together, the European representatives were asked to give an impromptu picture of 'a typical day in the life of a radio correspondent,' with particular mention of the degree of censorship imposed on them.*]

William L. Shirer, Berlin—Well, as to censorship—we have a war-time censorship here. I can't tell you things that the enemy would like to know, the weather here in Berlin tonight, or some things I noticed at the front. I can't deliver personal opinion of any body.

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There are certain restrictions. But, on the other hand, the Germans have been very reasonable and no statement of fact is censored. Sometimes I argue with a censor about a fact, and usually I win. I find that censorship is much easier now than last year at Godesberg. And, incidentally, what I have just said on the subject has not been seen by a censor.

As to a typical day in Berlin, providing I am not broadcasting at 5 A.M., and that there is no air-raid along and that I catch the last subway train home—and that New York does not phone me at 6 A.M. and that I am here in Berlin and not at the front—I get to bed after my last broadcast between 2 and 3 A.M. and get up at 9. I read the morning papers and make various calls on the Wilhelmstrasse, telephone my news-sources and write my notes for my first talk at 2 P.M. At 12:30 I join my colleagues at the first daily press conference at the Propaganda Ministry. Here we pump the officials with questions. There is always an army officer from the high command there, and he answers questions on military information. From this conference, I walk six miles to the studio to broadcast. For the afternoon, a similar routine. And, in the evening, a press conference at the Propaganda Ministry and later at the Foreign Office. Then the news sources again, and a dash through Berlin at midnight through the blackout to the studio to broadcast. At first we were supposed to carry gas-masks but we finally dropped the habit. We have had only two air-raid alarms—one of which I slept through. Of course, it's a normal day I'm describing. Yesterday, though, I spent five hours at the police station, and missed a broadcast. I wasn't arrested, I was just trying to get the necessary documents to run a car in war-time. I spent an awful time lining up for documents and passes. I still lack a soap-card. I can't get anything to shave with. Tomorrow I must get a new food card. I left home two weeks ago with a two weeks' supply of summer clothes. I need a muffler and I need an overcoat. But I haven't yet gotten my clothing-card. The result is that I am freezing. Well, that is life in Berlin—war-time model.

THOMAS B. GRANDIN, Paris—We work on about a twenty-four-hour schedule, I suppose. Today the work or rather the day of a radio correspondent consists first, of course, in collecting news and opinion. The hardest work is ferreting out the facts. It's like pulling teeth to get bits of information. Censorship in France is a military process. It consists in eliminating news which might be useful to the enemy, and it is carried out by military men. These gentlemen, working as they do under the direct influence of Premier and War Minister Daladier and General Gamelin, refuse to dramatize or fabricate statements. They have a kind of reticence. They seem to hide news until it is old. And, naturally, it is a race with time to get from the censorship to the studio. Now, when it comes to actual broadcasting, changes have been made in studio facilities for strategical reasons, and then again too many of the engineers have been mobilized. Some Frenchmen argue that we Americans are apt to be sensation-seekers—excited spectators. And they see no reason why France in war-time should make an effort to contribute to our

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thrills. Here in Paris we try to give America straightforward and objective reports about what is happening. Some Frenchmen realize that this aim is difficult to fulfill but worth accomplishing. I spend about half my time with officials, talking over problems that have come up, cutting through red tape and trying to enjoy the French way of looking at things.

Now, for instance, in this connection it is important to be polite. Before getting down to business, we ask a man how he feels; comment on the weather; we inquire about his wife and children. And then, at the end, in passing—well, how about the business? After all, these niceties during war-time go a long way toward making what is left of life convivial. So a radio correspondent in his reporting has to have some psychological good sense and he also has to have a strong constitution. That is how we cover Paris.

EDWARD R. MURROW, London—Well, the first thing to be said in answer to this question is that there were lots of days and nights in the last six weeks of which I have very little memory. I have learned that one can work on practically no sleep at all.

I'll give you an outline of a sort of composite day. It might be any day. We will start with breakfast; breakfast and the reading of every newspaper. They are not as thick as they were. And there is a sameness about them. Not much information but still some opinion. Then to the office to have a look at the morning mail. A few people wanting help in getting back to the States. One or two others saying, 'Tell America to stay out of this war.' And an equal number saying that 'You must do everything possible to bring America in.' Then one or two talks with people just back from Poland or Germany or some other Continental country. Telephone conversations with a few useful friends trying to check on a lot of various rumors; then lunch with perhaps two or three people, possibly at the Savoy Grill. A talk with a number of American correspondents; and then on to the House of Commons, where I spend a number of hours talking to members of all parties and listening to speeches; much interesting discussion, but not much information.

On the way back to the office, I weighed myself. It was a pleasant surprise to find that I had lost only 15 pounds in six weeks. Starting out at the Ministry of Information, I try to make arrangements to see a R.A.F. training-school, or a munitions factory. Back at the office, I meet my colleague who reports that he has now got his war-correspondent's uniform, and is waiting for information to go to France with the British Expeditionary Force; then home to dinner where there are generally half a dozen people. Many of them are American friends leaving for home in a few days.

After that the work really starts. Hours in a stuffy, tightly shuttered room, watching news-tickers, telephoning and trying to write. The air is thick with smoke and the electric fans don't seem to help. After trying to boil down and summarize the news and impressions of the day, I have the material and hand it to the censor. Only we don't call them censors, since their duty is to scrutinize our manuscripts. We call them 'scrutineers.' As a

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matter of fact, there is one sitting just opposite me now. Of course their job is to see that we do not divulge any information that might be useful to the enemy. They can't censor parliamentary debates or personal opinion. But military information covers a wide field. We can't, for instance, tell you about the weather, whether it is clear or cloudy, because those broadcasts are heard pretty well all over the world. I may know how many planes were shot down in a given raid, but I can't tell you. But if there is dissatisfaction with the way the war is being conducted, if there is criticism of the Ministry of Information or any other department, if there are complaints about profiteering, I am free to report them, and I have indeed done so. So far I have had very few sentences stricken out of my manuscripts. And no one in an official position has tried to convince me that any given material should be included in a talk from over here.

Often I spend one or two of the early morning hours listening to short-wave broadcasts from various European countries. We do summaries of what they have said during the day. And not infrequently the rays of the morning sun are bouncing up at the barrage balloons when I go home. Many mornings it is a case of wondering whether I have given you an accurate picture of the news and views of London, hoping that I have avoided evaluating that news in terms of my own personal opinion of approval or disapproval, and always looking forward to a few hours' sleep.

I am told that even while sleeping I occasionally sit up and say, 'Hello, New York, this is London. Where is Peterson? Put me on a cue circuit so I will know when to start talking.' If anyone of you accuse me of having actually done a broadcast in my sleep, I deny it. And the scrutineers here will bear me out. Well, that is a typical day in London. No two days are alike, except in length, and in the amount of effort required to find the answers to the questions I think you are asking.

The Man Who Knows

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

He is, it must be admitted, an asset to the community in these confusing times. Frontiers are closed; censors are at work; Europe, big with her own momentous destinies, is—if it is not irreverent to say so—egg-bound. The news-bills tell us something, but not much; the press and the radio tell us more, but still not everything. We should, in fact, live in a state of painful curiosity were it not for the Man Who Knows.

He did yeoman service a year ago, and now he is back in harness again. His numbers have, if anything, increased and his stock of information is as varied (and as reliable) as ever. He has his ear to the ground, his finger on the pulse. He is, practically, the horse's mouth. It is really extraordinary how much he knows, for he does not claim to move in the very highest circles. He relies, rather, on a sort of informal (but absolutely re-

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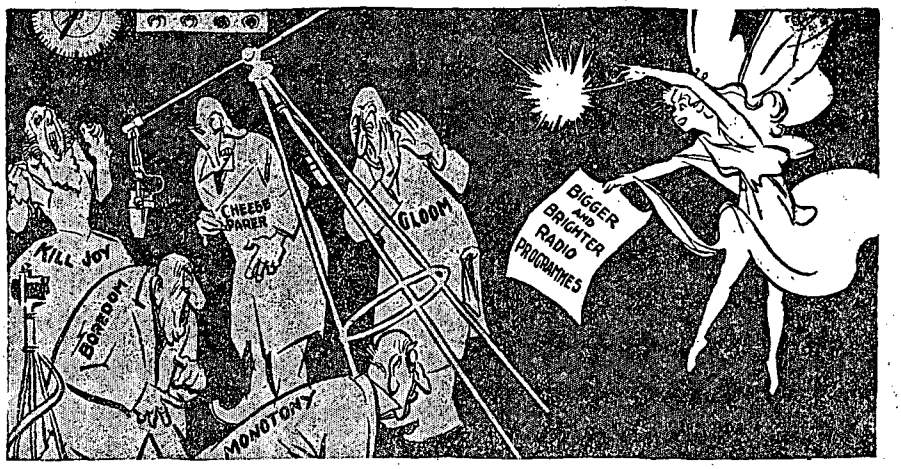
liable) intelligence system, a net-work of relatively humble ears and eyes which, without any effort to speak of on his part, fill up in his mind the blanks that exist in ours. The rest of us can only speculate about the identity of a passenger in one of the 'mystery planes' which are running so regularly nowadays; but there is no need for him to speculate. He knows, and is generously willing to share his knowledge with us. A friend of his sister's, it seems, has a cook who is engaged to the actual attendant who carried the suitcase of the enigmatic visitor, who was, of course, Herr X. 'Herr X!' we exclaim. 'What can his arrival portend?' This question, too, the Man Who Knows is in a position to answer, for he has just been lunching (as it happens) with a man who has the next flat to the Ruritanian Commercial Attaché, whose Government's secret service knew all about Herr X's visit two days ago. We listen, spellbound, while the Man Who Knows lays bare without emotion the tortuous workings of *Weltpolitik*. We dine out on the story for two nights, after which it transpires that the mysterious figure was not Herr X at all, but a Mr. A, who was coming to London to have his teeth seen to.

It might be thought that this would disillusion us, would impair our confidence in the Man Who Knows. Not a bit of it. Events are moving too fast for that. Already we are hanging once more on the lips of one of his incarnations, whose cousin's gardener's son is an office boy in the Radish Marketing Board and who accordingly possesses some striking information about the Government's plans for making torpedo nets out of sea-kale.

It is indeed almost impossible—and dreadfully unkind—to criticize the Man Who Knows. In a difficult time he supplies a need. He stimulates. Criticism does not affect him. It never has. It was, as some of us recall, his aunt's chauffeur (a very reliable man) who, on Perth Station, saw them sweeping the snow out of the Russian troop trains in the last War. No; the Man Who Knows has had his setbacks and survived. Today, for better or for worse, he is back in our ranks—back in harness, with his aunt and her chauffeur and (*mutatis mutandis*) the snow.



Daily Herald, London

THE BRITISH LISTENER REVOLTS

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This observer explains some of the reasons for the imminent crisis in Mexico.

Mexico Faces *the* Test

By Maurice Halperin

THE European war has caught Mexico in one of the most critical periods of its history, and quite naturally it has added new complexities and confusions to a situation already swollen to the bursting point with the sharpest contradictions and the bitterest antagonisms.

Overnight the life-saving barter of oil with Germany ceases to exist as the British Navy takes command of the seas. New outlets for oil must be found, which means that old, unsettled international problems once more demand urgent solution. Yet the peso suddenly gains strength in the world's money markets, due to the soaring prices of minerals and other raw materials which Mexico produces. Mexico's strangled economy prepares for a boom, while erstwhile friends bicker over neutrality policies and irreconcilable foes eye one another uneasily as, for opposite reasons, they find themselves in strange agreement.

The war has even pushed the crucial presidential campaign from the front pages of the newspapers, but this can be only a temporary diversion from the more basic issues. The war has not dispelled the ominous shadows of civil strife that hover over the nation. Beneath the surface of every-day, routine normality, a life-and-death struggle, extending through the entire social, political and economic structure of the Republic, is taking place between the Mexico that was and the Mexico that is striving to be. So deep-rooted and intense is the struggle that, regardless of how the European war may affect it, a major and far-reaching decision cannot long be delayed.

Still, for the Mexican people in general, the past year or two have been a period of impressive achievements despite the fast approaching political storm. Mexico has both pushed ahead with vital reforms and successfully defended the authority and prestige of its constitutional government. The two most serious attempts at revolt—the defiance of the Mexican courts by the foreign oil companies and the

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armed rebellion by General Cedillo—were decisively crushed. At the same time, organized labor won a series of minor and major strikes, including victories in the strategic electric power and mining industries.

The distribution of land to peasant villages continued with unabated vigor. Despite conflicts within certain governmental agencies and inefficiencies that naturally accompany any profound changes in the productive system, most of the large-scale collective and coöperative enterprises have shown improvement. Oil production, after falling off 50 per cent in April and May of 1938, following the expropriation and the Anglo-American boycott, was slowly but steadily making its way back to normal until the outbreak of hostilities two months ago, averaging over 120,000 barrels daily during the greater part of this year.

Politically, the government has been strengthened by the reorganization of the old, top-heavy National Revolutionary Party (PNR), a relic of the Calles days, into the Party of the Mexican Revolution (PRM), a more flexible and democratic institution in which labor and the peasants (the latter recently unified through the creation of a National Peasant Federation) have important, if not decisive, representation along with the army and progressive middle class business and professional groups.

II

Thus the 'revolution' continues to move ahead. Yet all along, there has been some discrepancy between its apparent and its real accomplishments. For example, during the past four or five years, the Mexican workers, as a result of successful strikes and other circumstances, have on the whole increased their wages considerably. For short periods, this has meant higher purchasing power and the prospects of improved living standards. However, with discouraging regularity, price levels rose and soon wiped out most of the gains.

Lest anyone have the faintest suspicion that Mexico is operating under a Socialist economy, the following figures should be carefully noted. In Mexico City, the average minimum wage rose approximately 95 per cent from the beginning of 1935 to the end of 1938. During the same period, the retail price of meat products went up 83 per cent, of vegetable and cereal products, 65 per cent, and of cotton goods, 25 per cent. However, the price of the most important staples, corn and beans, went up some 300 per cent. Computing the various items, both as to quantity consumed and price, of the average worker's diet throughout the Republic, the result reveals that the total cost of the same diet has risen 93 per cent during this period. In other words, the Mexican wage earner, who spends more than four-fifths of his income for food, has found it exceedingly difficult to move ahead on the treadmill of capitalist economics. The profiteering of the Mexican middleman and speculator is notorious and is largely to blame for the exhorbitant price of food. Of late, it is also more and more apparent that the maneuvers of the large speculators have very definite political aims.

If the industrial worker has done little better than hold his own in the economic battles of the past half-decade, the agricultural laborer—with the exception of those on the

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large, mechanized farms bolstered with government credit—has been fighting a losing battle. Today, with his wages only 40 per cent higher than in 1933, his condition is truly desperate. To be sure, the great mass of peasants who have received land are much better off than they were. However, for the most part farming small, individual lots in the most primitive manner, they remain on a bare subsistence level. More important still, there are some 8,000 villages, with approximately one million families, whose applications for land have yet to be honored. At the present rate of distribution it will be four years before this pressing need can be satisfied. And where will enough acres for one million families be found? Already in some districts it has become necessary to reduce the area of the 'small farm' (375 acres), hitherto exempt from expropriation, in order to provide for landless peasants.

III

The unsatisfied needs of the masses, the wavering loyalties of the small but politically important middle class, and the relative moderation of the government are being systematically exploited by the conservative and propertied opposition which, to be sure, often strives to create the very difficulties which it denounces. For example, many of the very large landlords have attempted to evade the agrarian laws by splitting up their holdings among relatives and confidential agents, while retaining actual control over their properties. Then, to resist the agrarian authorities who have discovered the deceit, they are rallying many of the genuine small farmers to their side by a clever campaign to 'protect small property.'

In these circumstances, the swift and nearly complete unification of the main reactionary groups of the country is an event of profound significance. Organized into a few small parties, such as the 'Constitutional Democratic Front' and the 'Anti-Communist Party,' supplied with ample funds and closely knit through interlocking leadership, they are backing General Juan Andreu Almazán for the presidency in 1940. General Almazán, until recently commandant of the strategic northeast military zone, is a man of considerable talent and energy, a millionaire and one whose record is unblemished by the slightest liberal or progressive taint.

In a recent announcement proclaiming himself an 'independent' candidate for the presidency, General Almazán completely repudiated the entire Cárdenas program. At the present moment, it is inconceivable that he can win with ballots alone, hence his candidacy carries with it grave implications. The Almazán coalition, moreover, can no longer be dismissed in terms of the familiar 'tropical' palace conspiracy. It represents an astute, highly organized, well financed movement with a distinctly modern Fascist tinge.

Oddly enough, in the face of this obvious danger, the struggle within the ranks of the government supporters grows sharper every day. Thus the fight between left and right in the old PNR, and now the PRM, has gone on steadily ever since Cárdenas took office. President Cárdenas, whose popularity with the masses in Mexico is an important stabilizing element in these unsettled times, cannot, according to

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the Mexican constitution, be a candidate to succeed himself; and Cárdenas is one of those rare politicians who faithfully observes both the letter and the spirit of the constitution. Moreover, the PRM occupies a position similar to that of our Democratic Party in the deep South. Hence, the candidate of the PRM is, under normal conditions, certain to be the next President of Mexico.

IV

With premature electioneering opening up the possibility of disastrous splits within the pro-government ranks, both the CTM (Confederation of Mexican Workers, with 1,000,000 members) and the National Peasant Federation held special conventions late in February. As a result, both organizations pledged their support to General Manuel Ávila Camacho who, until his declared candidacy, was Secretary of National Defense. Since he is also supposed to have the backing of the greater part of the Army, a vital sector of the PRM.

General Ávila Camacho can be qualified as a safe and sound 'middle-of-the-roader,' in terms of the current political situation. His own personal record is free from the suspicion of graft or of obstructing the Cárdenas program. He did an efficient job in suppressing the Cedillo revolt. He has accepted the support of labor and of the peasants, and has promised to carry on the work of the present administration. If events take their normal course, General Ávila Camacho will be nominated as the candidate of the PRM in November, elected President of Mexico in July, 1940, and will take office the following December.

Still, it is clear that only the greatest discipline and vigilance by the labor, peasant and government forces will keep events in their normal course. At the present time, for example, there still exists the threat of a split in the labor movement on the policy of supporting Ávila Camacho. In high government quarters there are frequent signs of an almost incomprehensible laxity and irresolution. Incompetence and disloyalty within the Government and the Army are permitted to breed until they threaten the very existence of the régime. The late General Cedillo was known to be plotting rebellion two years before he made his bid for power. The management of the Communal Land Credit Bank, an institution of vital importance in carrying out the agrarian program, was overhauled only after almost certain disaster was upon it. Just recently have the miserable wages of the Army's rank and file been slightly increased, but not until seditious propaganda had made alarming inroads on the morale of the troops.

President Cárdenas, whose ability and integrity cannot be questioned, is, however, much to blame for the extraordinary freedom with which his most unscrupulous and determined enemies are permitted to operate. This liberality is a matter of principle with Cárdenas which he has extended even to such matters as the safety of his own person. No head of a nation is so little protected from bodily harm as the President of Mexico. Nevertheless, when he fails to move against the weekly magazine *Hoy* which, in a September number, openly incites its readers to armed rebellion against the 'corrupt and dictatorial bureaucracy' of the Cárdenas régime; when he fails

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to act against the outlawed 'Gold Shirt' military-Fascist organization which a few weeks ago brazenly reopened its offices in Mexico City, the President's attitude takes on the appearance of granting concessions to extreme reaction, a step which some of his realistic advisers, mindful of the fate of other countries which compromised with Fascism, view with the greatest apprehension.

Thus far the European war has not damaged the prestige of the Cárdenas government, though it has created some disagreement among its followers. President Cárdenas, mindful of the present British government's bullying attitude toward Mexico during the oil controversy and the subsequent break in diplomatic relations between the two countries, and at the same time fully aware of the Nazi efforts to meddle in Mexico's internal affairs, has steered a course of rigid neutrality, both in word and in act. In this respect, he has lent full support to the neutrality action taken at the recent Panama conference.

On the other hand, speaking for the CTM, Lombardo Toledano, its dynamic general secretary, has stated that the chief enemy of the working class is German Fascism, and hence has declared that the sympathies of his organization must lie with Britain and France. With a suggestion that Mexico's economy would also benefit, he has even predicted the likelihood that Mexico would have to join the war as an active ally of the Anglo-French coalition.

How long this difference of attitude will last or how seriously it may affect the unity of the progressive forces remains to be seen. To compensate for it, a similar split has occurred in the Almazán camp, where those who represent British investments in Mexico are now at odds with the seemingly dominant pro-Nazi elements.

In the meantime, there are indications that new negotiations for the settlement of the oil dispute may soon be under way. There are no definite signs, however, that Mexico is in a weaker position now that she has lost the German market. Figures are not yet available, but it is known that larger shipments of oil have been going to Italy than ever before. Then, too, there has been a rather marked slackening of the boycott on Mexican oil.

Considerable quantities of Mexican crude oil are reaching the United States, England and France. Possibly the increased war-time demands for oil will lead to at least a truce in Mexico's long struggle with the two giant foreign trusts. Such a truce, coupled with the continuation of a 'good neighbor' administration in Washington, could exert an important stabilizing influence over Mexico's impending crisis.

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Four smaller nations bent on neutrality—to some it may mean profit, to others it is the sole hope of ultimate survival.

Among the Neutrals

I. Neutrality in the Low Lands

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

HOLLAND returned before the present emergency to her old policy of neutrality. When she joined the League of Nations she abandoned this policy, well aware of the sacrifice she was making. During the Manchurian struggle she was fully prepared to fulfill the obligations which action by the League might impose upon her although, because of the geographical position of her colonies in the East, she was the most exposed of the minor members of the League. After the Ethiopian conflict, however, she knew that the carrying out of the sanctions article of the League Covenant by the minor States brought risks and offered no reliable guarantee of safety. It was at this juncture that she returned to her old policy.

Holland's neutrality differs from that of Switzerland. Swiss neutrality is internationally guaranteed; Holland has always declined such a guarantee. The Swiss conception of neutrality implies that, should Switzerland be invaded in time of general war, she would without hesitation join the side of the enemies of the violator of her neutrality; Holland, even if her territory should be violated, desires to be free to act in her own way and according to her own interpretation of affairs.

But every party can rest assured that she will resist to the utmost any attempt to use her territory as a basis of military activity—after her rearmament during the last years she may well entertain a reasonable hope of being capable of such a resistance, and at the moment she is fully mobilized. [*Recent construction has fortified the entire length of the frontier with Germany with a trench and casemate system artfully camouflaged among farms. Every frontier bridge can be dynamited by the throw of a single master switch. The forts around the chief cities have been strengthened as have the country's anti-aircraft defenses. The Zuider Zee, by flood control, can inundate much of the frontier region in a few hours.*—The Editors] Nor would Holland neces-

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sarily remain averse to receiving assistance. In the case of a persistent attack by the violator of her neutrality she certainly would be obliged to accept it. But she refuses to give any Power the right automatically to help her.

Holland's neutrality also differs from that of Belgium. The latter had foreign entanglements which became too dangerous after 1936. She had a technical military agreement with France, which in no way bore the character of an alliance, although in Germany it aroused suspicions that it did. She was a signatory of the Treaty of Locarno which, once Germany had withdrawn from it, looked like a unilateral treaty. Great Britain and France absolved Belgium from her obligations, still, however, guaranteeing her integrity.

Then Belgium needed Germany's recognition of her neutrality so that the latter could not do what she had done in 1914, and use the doubt as to Belgium's neutrality as an excuse for an invasion. Germany recognized Belgian neutrality and promised that under no circumstances would she attack her, unless others employed Belgian territory as a basis upon which to prepare an attack on Germany. It is clear that such an exception, whether it be made in good faith or not, could at any time be used as a pretext for invasion. But Belgium accepted it because she required Germany's recognition of her as a country without anti-German obligations.

II

Holland needed no guarantee from Germany, as she had never given Germany any occasion to doubt Dutch neutrality. When Hitler, during the course of a Reichstag speech, offered Holland a treaty guaranteeing her integrity, she made it quite clear that she was not willing to accept it. She could not afford to make her integrity the subject of negotiations, as this must remain beyond all discussion and doubt. A very precarious state of affairs would be evolved should such a treaty be denounced. Here Holland has set an example for Sweden, Norway and Finland.

Great Britain has always shown a ready understanding of the policy of independance by which Holland has refused all negotiations with other Powers. At no time has the British Government attempted to induce Holland to collaborate against a third Power; neither have they ever tried to make Holland accept an offer of help in advance and in anticipation of a possible attack. This is as valid for the Far East as for Europe.

Neither are there any military agreements between Holland and Belgium. Certain Belgian groups have repeatedly pressed for such an agreement in the past. Ever since Belgium began to realize the wisdom of a policy of neutrality based upon the greatest possible independence for the minor States, she has appreciated the Dutch point of view. Well-informed circles on the Belgian side are of the opinion that it is best for both nations to maintain military independence of each other. This opinion is based upon an important political, as well as an important military, consideration.

The political consideration is that, if ever Belgium should again be the victim of an invasion, Holland ought to be able to remain unembroiled. It is to nobody's interest—and certainly

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not that of the Belgians—that Holland should expose herself to the same fate, unless this proved to be inevitable.

It is also quite possible that an enemy of Britain might attack Holland, attempting, at the same time, to keep Belgium out of it, thereby placing a neutral buffer State between Britain's ally France and the invaded Holland. This is a possibility which no Belgian Government may neglect.

The military consideration is that Holland and Belgium both have a totally different system of defense, which makes coöperation extremely difficult. Belgium has a short eastern frontier, defended by fortifications. She is able to defend herself on the outer line. Holland possesses a very long eastern frontier with relatively few fortifications. Her defense can always fall back upon the great rivers, and, farther, to the inundation-line, which lies well inland.

II. The Simple Swiss

By Emil Ludwig

Translated from the *Neue Tage-Buch*, Paris German Émigré Weekly

THE National Exposition in Zurich which I visited on the opening day of war moved me more deeply than any other Swiss event during the past thirty years I have been paying visits to this country. It closed the following day: mobilization was announced, confirming the very theme of the exposition.

Never have I seen a people so easily and so calmly express confidence in themselves. Instead of boasting of her rôle in world affairs, as all great Powers do and must do, Switzerland stresses her smallness. She does this with such tact that all the major countries could learn from her. There is even a slight undercurrent of humor in the show.

At the entrance to the first hall there stood a huge terrestial globe, gleaming white. A tiny speck was marked in red. It represented Switzerland and the inscription read 'Switzerland, an inland country, without colonies, poor in raw materials, without access to the sea, with 4,200,000 inhabitants, covers one-twelfth of the earth's surface, with every fifth Swiss living abroad.' Instead of complaining querulously to the world about that which Nature or her neighbors withhold from her, she simply stated what she lacks and what she produces. She did this at an exposition designed solely for the Swiss and which did not beg for flattery from foreign tongues. To these first brief words the entire display gave back the silent answer, 'Look at what we have achieved nevertheless!'

There was a colorful, stylized map of the Gotthard mountain range entitled '*Helvetia Mater Fluviorum.* Switzerland, Europe's continental divide, sends her waters to all the oceans. Our languages open all horizons, as do our rivers. The Gotthard is the crucible of four languages, four cultures, the sacred mountain of our Fatherland. The guardian of the Alpine passes, Switzerland watches her liberty.'

This was the great idea, born of

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the inherent wealth of Switzerland. There followed many variations on the theme: a long list showed the international organizations founded in Switzerland and established there now. One leads to the other: this mountainous country became a broker of cultures. The rocky Alps became the natural center of Europe. While the world was struggling for four hundred and, more recently, for twenty-five years to create a union of European States—something which undoubtedly will result at the end of the present war—here in Switzerland it has been achieved on a smaller scale. In presenting herself in simple wooden halls, without striving for effect, Switzerland hinted to Europe what might be done.

On an adjacent geological map one was shown what Switzerland owns and what she lacks. The caption read 'No petroleum, no coal, no iron, no gold, but the forces of Nature mastered by man. Mountains, waters, air and sun have become our inexhaustible allies.' What splendid poise, an entire people speaking, as though a man of wisdom and moderation were evaluating his weakness and his strength.

There was an exhibition of large photographs depicting the four cultures and races. Among the eighty-four portraits were those of seven members of the Swiss Federal Council as well as pictures of farmers, workers, shepherds and craftsmen. No names and no frames distinguished the governed from those governing them. The stranger might easily have passed by, but the Swiss, who know their representatives, stop and smile. A new expression of true democracy! The caption said: 'Different origin, languages and religions, and yet one nation.'

Another room was devoted to the armed forces—figures and facts with the warning appeal: 'Switzerland can, must and shall defend herself!' The most recent German and Italian neutrality declarations were also exhibited. The military force, which is given as 700,000 officers and men, constitutes 17 per cent of the population, a percentage equaled by no other country in the world: Germany would have 40 million soldiers under arms had she the same percentage.

When I stepped from the Exposition into the gleaming mist rising from the wide lake and was carried over to the other shore in the little suspended trolley car, I realized again what joy it is to belong to a small State which is aware of its limited possibilities because it recognizes its inner strength.

III. The Spanish Dilemma

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

SINCE the outbreak of hostilities, General Franco has repeatedly declared his intention to remain neutral. In September, the official *Burgos Gazette* published a decree identical to one issued in 1914. A comparison of the attitude of Spain twenty-five years ago with that of the nation today is

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perhaps indicative of what is to come.

Despite the official declaration of neutrality the country all through the World War was divided into two hostile camps—the one in favor of the Allies and the other in favor of the Germans. The rift extended from top to bottom. Queen Eugenie Victoria, British by birth, prayed for the Allies; the Dowager Queen, Mary Christina, a Habsburg, prayed for the triumph of the Central Powers. At the dinner table, the King forbade the two royal ladies to speak of the War. Alfonso himself wavered between the two sides, according to changing circumstances. At one time the novelist Blasco Ibáñez publicly accused the King of conspiring with the Germans and of informing their military attaché of all he had heard in confidence from French and British diplomats. A majority of the aristocracy, the clergy and the military, all of whom were filled with admiration for German successes, were pro-Hohenzollern. Thus, despite the neutrality status, German submarines found refuge and assistance along the Spanish coast.

The intelligentsia and the progressive and liberal-minded groups in the country, on the other hand, were on the side of the Allies, a sympathy which soon found expression in demands for armed intervention. Only fear of a civil war curbed this movement. While the hostile camps fought one another passionately, espionage, counter-espionage and war-profiteering flourished with official sanction to an extent unequalled by any other neutral.

Today, Spain again finds herself torn by an inner conflict. The only difference is that with the fall of the Republic and the triumph of the dictatorship, the voice of the masses has been effectively silenced. There can be no doubt as to the sympathies of Spanish adherents of democratic principles in the present war. Those who have not already paid for these democratic principles with death linger in jails and concentration-camps by the thousands, or are exiled. It is, however, mere wishful thinking for London and Paris to conclude from the Government's statement that Spain will remain neutral under all circumstances. One should not forget that the forces which keep Generalissimo Franco in power at the present time are not united.

II

It is undoubtedly true that Franco personally would like to remain neutral, realizing, as he must, his advantage as a neutral in the present diplomatic game. He is also undoubtedly aware that participation in a war is bound to bring domestic dangers in its wake, a possibility that holds true even for dictators more firmly entrenched than himself. Besides, as a neutral he may be led to expect many economic advantages for his impoverished land, though he can hardly count on a boom such as the first World War brought to Spain. He is supported in his neutrality by the clergy, the banks and industrialists, who are strongly opposed to forming closer ties with Germany, especially after the conclusion of the pact with Soviet Russia. But although these circles may exert a certain behind-the-scenes influence upon the Government, they do not determine the decisions of the Government. The decisive factor will be the almost unlimited power of the Falangists.

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But neutrality, as the Falangists understand it, means favoring Germany. This currently all-powerful group is sympathetic to the Third Reich, to which it is bound by its origin and by community of aims. Reports in the British and French press of the shock which the Nazi-Bolshevik liaison created in Spain are probably based on rather superficial impressions. The repudiation of the anti-Bolshevist slogans with which Berlin and Rome drove Spain into bloody war three years ago have certainly had a sobering effect on a broad stratum of the masses. But so far there has been no noticeable turning away from the Axis friendship.

On the contrary, the Spanish press is making great efforts to justify Germany's rapprochement with Russia. 'After the victory of Franco Spain over international Communism had done away with the Bolshevist peril in Europe, Hitler could afford, in his efforts to secure peace, to blast British encirclement by the pact with Russia,' *Vanguardia* says. The Spanish press, following the German example, regards England as guilty of provoking the war. They prophesy that she will pay for this with the collapse of the British Empire. And they already see themselves participating in the division of spoils.

Fascist Spain has become so intoxicated with visions of herself as a new imperialist power that she is plainly eager to participate in the envisaged destruction of the hegemony of the Western democracies. The ambitions of the creators of the new Spanish imperialist policy extend to Gibraltar and Morocco, and even to Cuba and the Philippines, which Spain lost to the United States in 1898–99.

For the time being, these imperialist ambitions are no more than dreams. For although there have been repeated assurances that German and Italian troops have evacuated Spain for all time, there are still strategically important vantage-points on the Spanish continent, the islands, Morocco and the West African colonies, that have remained under German and Italian control.

It is symptomatic that a short while ago General Kindelan, whose pro-Italian sympathies are well known, was appointed supreme commander of the Balearic Islands. The presence of German submarines in the Mediterranean, noted before the outbreak of the war, and the frequent torpedoing of British ships in Atlantic waters surrounding the Iberian peninsula, permits the conclusion that the German Admiralty would like to take the same advantage of Spain's neutrality as it did in the World War.

Spain, however, may reap the fruits of its official neutrality only as long as she keeps aloof from the conflict. She thus will follow the example of Italy, which is also trying to insure the inviolability of its vulnerable coasts by a policy of watchful waiting. It may be said that the German-Soviet Pact has resulted in a certain shift of the relations among the Axis Powers in regard to Spain insofar as it has strengthened Italian influence at Germany's expense. One may safely assume that Spanish policy will follow the Italian lead.

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A famous Irish author writes a tale about 'one of the last kings in Ireland.'

King *of* Inishcam

By Liam O'Flaherty

From *Argosy*
London Literary Monthly

THE small island of Inishcam, is separated from the mainland by a narrow channel of about a quarter of a mile. Even so, this tiny channel renders the island an excellent headquarters for its principal industry, which is, or was at least, the distilling of illicit whisky. We call it poitheen locally. Except for one narrow cove, the island is surrounded by rugged cliffs, so it was an easy matter for scouts to give warning when any of my men came from the mainland to search for the still. And the islanders went on merrily distilling for the first year of my service as police superintendent in the district of Kilmorris, just as they had been doing for centuries.

It was impossible to adopt rough measures with the twenty-five or thirty families on the island. There would be a rumpus on the mainland, followed by the usual protests to Dublin by people who are always looking for a chance to accuse the police force of tyrannical conduct. I decided that the only thing to do was to tackle Sean McKelvey in person.

He was the chief man on Inishcam and was commonly called The King, a title which is claimed by some romantic people to have come from ancient times, but whose origin is really quite recent and rather ridiculous, as is usually the case with most of these titles of nobility. Sometime during the eighties of last century a party of British military and police invaded the island in the hope of being able to collect some rent from the inhabitants, who had paid none for years. On the approach of the authorities, the inhabitants fled to the cliffs, leaving only the aged and the infants in the village. The officer in charge picked on one dignified old fellow as the most likely to be able to give him information and assistance in dealing with the others.

Then, to impress the natives with the power of Britain, he delivered to the old man a lecture on the futility of resisting British law and told him to

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make his islanders parade at the rent office with their rent within one month, or else their property would be impounded. Then he went away and some newspaper reporter picked on the incident for a story, and the story reached London, and presently there were scholars and other faddists coming to the island to visit the 'last remaining Irish king.' In that way old McKelvey, Sean's grandfather, received the title of king and his descendants inherited it, and the islands politely accepted the situation, since it brought them revenue from summer visitors.

However, if a man is called king, even in fun, he develops a kingly manner in the course of time. Sean McKelvey, being the third of this preposterous line of monarchs, was firmly convinced of his royal blood and behaved as if he had Divine Right to rule over Inishcam. Many a time he was heard to say on the mainland, when he came there on business, that the police had no authority over him. So that it can be easily understood it was a ticklish business putting an end to his distillery.

II

I dressed in civilian clothes and got a man to row me over to the island, on which I landed alone and unarmed, to beard the King in his realm. It was a fine summer morning, and when I jumped ashore on the little sandy beach, I saw a crowd of the islanders lounging on a broad flat rock near the village, which stands above the beach. I climbed the steep, rocky path, which was like the approach to a fortress.

They all stared at me as I came to the rock, but nobody spoke. They knew who I was and were not pleased to see me.

'Good morning, men,' I said cheerfully. 'I have come to see the King.'

A man nodded over his shoulder toward a house in the center of the village. It was a one-storied cottage like the rest, with a slate roof, but it was longer and its walls had a pink wash, whereas the others were whitewashed. Some flowers grew in the yard in front of it, beside a heap of lobsterpots and nets that were hanging up to dry. I strode toward the house. When I entered the yard a man appeared in the doorway with his arms folded on his bosom. It was Sean McKelvey, the king of the island.

'You want to see me?' he said arrogantly.

He was about six feet in height and as straight as a rod. He was dressed only in his shirt and trousers, which were fastened at the waist by a red handkerchief. His shirt was open at the neck, and the sleeves were rolled up beyond his biceps. He was as muscular as a prize-fighter in training, and as I glanced at his muscles I doubted the good sense of my plan. There was a fair stubble on his powerful jaws and upper lip, increasing the menacing expression of his arrogant countenance. In fact, he looked every inch a king, and I wished that he had chosen somebody else's district for his damned distilling, for his type is one I admire.

'Yes,' I answered. 'I've come to see you, McKelvey.'

'As friend or foe?' he cried.

'I suppose you know who I am,' I said.

'Troth then, I do,' said he. 'I know who ye are well enough, but I don't give a toss rap for you or yer men. You

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have nothing against me. So I don't want you nosing about this island.'

'Oh, yes, I have something against you, McKelvey.'

'What is it?'

'You make poitheen here.'

'I'm not saying that we do, but even if we do it has nothing to do with you.'

'I'm afraid it has. I am police-officer of this district and I won't have you or anybody else poisoning the people with your rotten drink. That's what I came to see you about.'

'Well! You have your journey for nothing. I'm taking no orders from you, Mr. Corrigan.'

'I'm not giving you orders, but if you had the courage of a man, I'd like to make a bargain with you.'

His face darkened and he leaned back slightly as if he were going to spring at me. He unfolded his arms and his hands crept slowly down by his sides, the fingers doubling over the palms. The other islanders behind me began to growl and I knew that my bait had taken.

'And what makes you think,' drawled McKelvey, 'that I haven't the courage of a man?'

At that moment a young woman appeared in the doorway with a baby in her arms. She was a handsome woman with red hair.

'Sean,' she cried, 'what ails you?'

He wheeled around like a shot and barked at her:—

'Go into the house, Mary.'

She obeyed instantly and he turned back to face me.

'Speak what's in your mind,' he cried.

'It's like this, McKelvey,' I said casually. 'I'm ready to fight you and let the winner have the sway. If you win, you can carry on with your still and I give you my word of honor that I'll not interfere with you in future. If I win, you'll come along with me to the police barracks and give a written guarantee that you'll break up your still and obey the law in future. How does that strike you as a fair deal? I'm putting it to you as man to man. If you have the guts of a man, you'll agree to it.'

I wanted to infuriate him as much as possible in order to give myself a better chance of beating him, and I succeeded.

'Who the hell do ye think yer' dealing with?' he roared. 'A rat like yourself, or Sean McKelvey, the King of Inishcam?'

'Then it's a bargain,' I said.

'Put up your fists,' he roared.

'Give me time to strip,' I said, unbuttoning my coat.

III

As I took off my coat and waistcoat leisurely, he stood in front of me, shaking with anger, and then he suddenly seemed to collect himself and to master his rage. He bit his lip and a queer, startled look came into his eyes. For all the world, he looked at that moment like a wild animal of the African forest, confronted by a hunter for the first time, awed and at the same time infuriated. He stooped down and slipped off his shoes. Then he pulled his socks up over the ends of his trouser-legs and rubbed some sand from the yard on his palms. By that time I was ready for action.

'I'm ready now if you are,' I said.

'Then take your medicine,' he hissed.

With that he drove with his right

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at my chin and I ducked just in time to let it graze the right side of my head. Even so, it rocked me to my heels and it enabled me to judge the calibre of the man with whom I had to deal. I realized that my only chance was in being able to avoid the sledge-hammer that he carried in his right hand until his frenzy exhausted him. Ducking and skipping about the yard, I kept teasing him in order to keep his rage at fever pitch.

'So you think you can fight, do you, McKelvey?' I sneered. 'You couldn't hit a haystack. I'm ashamed to fight you. It's like taking milk from a child. You'd better surrender before I do you damage. What's the use? Look at that. You thought it was my head and it was only the air. Man alive, who told you you could fight?'

And sure enough, although he had the strength and agility of a tiger, he was handicapped by knowing nothing about boxing. All he could do was to swing that terrifying right hand and trust to luck. Little by little he began to tire and I was overjoyed to hear that tell-tale panting.

'Now for it,' I thought.

I waded into him and landed twice on his chin with all the power in my body behind each blow, but the only result was that I smashed two knuckles in my left hand. McKelvey swayed backwards and then for the first time swung his left hand wildly and met me straight on the chest. I went back four yards before I fell, all in a heap, conscious, but at the same time convinced that my ribs had been smashed to splinters. A great roar went up from the islanders. I turned over and waited on my hands and knees until I recovered a little and then struggled to my feet. Had McKelvey gone for me at once it would have been his show, but the fool was dancing around the yard like a wild Indian, boasting of his prowess.

'There's not a man in Ireland that I wouldn't do the same to,' he yelled. 'Aye, or ten men, either. I'll take every peeler they have and break every bone in their bodies. I'm Sean McKelvey, King of Inishcam, and I dare them to lay a hand on me.'

And then he gave a wild yell that re-echoed through the mountains. His men yelled in response, and somehow that pulled me together.

'Hold on there,' I said. 'You're not done with me yet, you windbag.'

Crouching, he came toward me, his under-lip turned downwards.

'Is it more ye want, ye rat?' he muttered. 'Very well, then. Take that!'

Taking his time and no doubt thinking that, because I slouched and swayed a bit, I was easy prey, he swung his right at me once more. It was so slow coming that I could have counted six. In the meantime I dived in and landed a beauty on the mark. He grunted and doubled up. Then I lashed out with a vengeance, having found his tender spot. After the fifth blow he went down like a sack and it was all over.

'Don't kill him,' screamed his wife, running out into the yard.

The child wailed in the house and several women who had gathered to see the fight also began to scream. The men, however, standing in a sullen group, were silent and astonished. They stood there gaping, obviously unable to understand how it had come to pass that their invincible chief was down in a heap on the ground, groaning in pain.

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By the time I had finished dressing, McKelvey had come to his senses. He got to his feet and looked at me with an expression I shall never forget. It was an expression of bitter hatred and at the same time there was in his eyes the picture of a shame that had already eaten to his very soul.

'You took me unawares,' he said quietly. 'It wouldn't happen again in a thousand years, if we met hand to hand every day of that thousand years. I lost my temper. You are a cunning man. Now what do you want with me? You won. I'm not able to go on with it.'

And his strange, wild, blue eyes were fixed on mine, boring through me. Damn it! Never in my life have I felt more ashamed and sorry than at that moment.

'You'll have to surrender your still, McKelvey,' I said, 'and come with me just as you promised.'

He lowered his eyes to the ground and answered:—

'I'll do that. Come on with me into the house.'

VI

Then indeed a strange thing happened. When I had followed him into the house, he went down to the hearth, where a small fire was burning. He took a heather broom from a corner of the hearth and began to sweep ashes over the burning embers, until he had extinguished the flames and there was no more smoke coming from the pile. Then he dropped the broom and stood erect.

'Come now into the garden,' he said.

I followed him out through the back door into the garden that adjoined the house. Then he handed me a pinch of earth and a twig which he tore from a briar bush, the ancient formula for surrendering legal possession of his house and grounds.

'But I only want your still,' I said. 'I don't want your house and land. Man alive, are you mad?'

'You'll get the still as well,' he said. 'You're not thinking I'd go back on me word?'

He beckoned me to follow him and I did. He was still in his stockinged feet and he moved as nimbly as a goat over the rough ground, leaping from rock to rock, at a brisk trot, so that I had great difficulty in keeping up with him.

We circled a spur of the mountain that rose immediately behind the village and then climbed from ledge to ledge along a precipitous path that brought my heart to my mouth, until finally we arrived in a ravine. About midway down the ravine, he turned suddenly to the left, and when I reached him he was pulling loose rocks away from what proved to be the mouth of a cave. We entered the cave and moved in almost complete darkness along a narrow passage between two smooth walls, against which my shoulders brushed when I stumbled over the loose granite slivers that covered the floor. I was now in an extremely nervous state.

'Has he brought me here to kill me?' I thought.

At last I could not prevent myself from crying out to him, in a voice which must have disclosed the fear that was upon me. 'Where are you taking me, McKelvey?'

'We're nearly there,' he said quietly.

And then my fear vanished and I felt ashamed of having suspected him. Presently the cave grew lighter and

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then we emerged from the narrow walls suddenly into an open space overlooking the sea. Here, to my astonishment, I found the distillery in full blast, attended by three men who looked at us in speechless astonishment.

'Give your orders,' said McKelvey, in the same quiet tone.

'Well!' I said. 'I suppose the easiest way is to chuck them over the cliff. The rocks below will do the rest.'

'Very well,' he said.

He turned to the men and gave them orders in Irish. They proceeded to obey him with great reluctance. I stood by until the last of the stuff had been dragged to the edge and hurled down the steep face of the cliff, to smash on the rocks four hundred feet below.

'That's that,' I said. 'Now let's go.'

We turned back into the cave, leaving the three men chattering and gesticulating wildly in the clearing. Not a word was spoken until we got back to the village. There I noticed that the whole population was gathered on the flat rock, talking excitedly in low voices. I waited outside in the yard while he went indoors to dress. Then he appeared again dressed in his best clothes.

'Are you ready?' I said.

'If it's all the same to you,' he said, 'I won't go with you, but I'll follow you.'

'But why not come with me?' I said. 'I have a boat down here and it can take you back again.'

'Well!' he said. 'I swore that I'd never be taken to a police barracks or before a magistrate alive. If I went with you now they'd say you took me prisoner.'

I stared at him in astonishment. His eyes had lost their arrogance and they had the bitter expression of a defeated man. There was no hatred in them, but they gave the harrowing picture of a sorrow that could not be cured.

'I understand that,' I said. 'Then I have your word for it that you'll come along later.'

'I give you my word,' he said proudly, 'and I would not break my word for the richest kingdom in the world, not to mind this poor island.'

'I have no doubt of it,' I said. 'So long.'

I hurried away, anxious to get out of sight of those eyes.

V

About an hour later, McKelvey marched into the office. In the meantime I had drawn up a document, which he signed without reading it. It was all very irregular, but it was the only way I could deal with a difficult situation.

'Is that all you want of me now, Mr. Corrigan?' he said when he had finished.

'No,' I said. 'I'd like to shake hands with the finest man I ever met.'

He looked at my outstretched hand and then looked me straight in the eyes and shook his head.

'Oh! Come on, man,' I said. 'One of us had to win. Don't hold it against me. I was only trying to do my duty as best I could. After all, you were breaking the law and I had to stop you.'

'I wasn't breaking my own law,' he said quietly.

And with that he walked out of the room with his head in the air. He marched down to the shore, staring straight in front of him and rowed

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back to the island without speaking to a soul.

'Well! That's that,' I said to the sergeant. 'He'll give us no more trouble with his still.'

'I hope not,' said Kelly, 'but I have me doubts.'

My own doubts were of a somewhat different kind. I was afraid that I had done the man a mortal injury. Had he been a mean and treacherous scoundrel, I would have had no compunction about overthrowing him by means of a rather doubtful trick. But he was, on the contrary, a splendid type that is of immense value to any community.

On the ninth day afterwards, his wife called at my hotel while I was having lunch. I went out to see her. She looked ill and terribly worried.

'I'm Mrs. McKelvey from Inishcam,' she said. 'I came to see you about my husband.'

'You look ill,' I said. 'Won't you sit down? Could I get you a drink of some sort?'

'No, Mr. Corrigan,' she said gently, 'it's nothing like that I want. But wouldn't you come over and do something for Sean? He's been terrible since that day you came to the island.'

'How do you mean?' I said.

'Well! It's how the people said that you took him, which you know well, sir, is a lie. And it broke his heart that they should say that about him. He took to his bed and he won't take bite or sup. He'll die that way. I know he will, for he's that proud.'

That was just what I feared. I told her to return at once to her home and that I would come over early in the afternoon.

'For God's sake, sir,' she said, 'don't let him know that I came to see you. That would kill him altogether.'

'Don't be afraid, Mrs. McKelvey,' I said. 'I'll see to that.'

VI

This time I crossed over to the island in uniform. There were some people down on the beach, taking a catch of fish from the curraghs that had just landed. I noticed that they touched their hats to me and bid me good day, quite unlike their conduct on my previous visit, when they scowled at me in silence. Most of them followed me up to McKelvey's house and stood around the yard when I entered.

'God save all here,' I said. 'Is Mr. McKelvey at home?'

'He's in the room, sir, in bed,' said Mrs. McKelvey, who was alone in the kitchen. 'Won't you go on in?'

I thanked her and entered the bedroom, where I found McKelvey lying on his back in the bed, his arms folded on his bosom, his head propped up high by pillows. His face was very pale and his eyes looked sunken. I strode over to the bed, with an angry scowl on my face.

'So this is your idea of keeping your word, McKelvey,' I said with a sneer. 'You are the man that wouldn't break his word for the richest kingdom in the world. What the devil do you mean by it?'

I spoke as loudly as possible so that the islanders outside could hear. McKelvey did not move for some moments. Then he sat bolt upright in bed and the color came back to his pale cheeks. His eyes flashed with their old fire. He roared at his wife.

'Give me my clothes, Mary,' he

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cried. 'Leave the room, you. I'll talk to you on my feet and I'll talk to you outside my door, for I'll not commit murder on my hearth.'

I left the house and waited while he dressed. I could hear the people murmuring behind me in the yard and wondered what was going to be the outcome of infuriating this man. However, as he came toward me, tightening his red handkerchief around his waist, dressed exactly as he had been the day I fought him, I could see that he was in his proper senses.

'Now you can say what you have to say,' he cried. 'And this time, I'm warning ye it's going to be a fight to the finish.'

'I don't want to fight you, McKelvey,' I said. 'This time I have come here as a police officer to make a complaint, and it's this. Nine days ago you came to my office of your own free will and gave a guarantee, as King of this island of Inishcam, that you were going to prevent your island's manufacturing spirits and selling them illegally on the mainland, which is my territory. Is that true or is it not? Is it true that you came voluntarily to my office and gave me that guarantee?'

He stared at me, and then he said in a loud voice: 'It is true.'

'It is also true that you are king of this island, is it not?'

'It is true,' he cried in a still louder voice.

'Well! Then, why don't you act up to your promise?'

'In what way have I broken it?' he cried furiously.

'I have received information that one of your men has been to the mainland within the last few days, trying to buy another still to replace the one we threw over the cliff.'

I had, of course, received no such information, but I had a shrewd idea that something of the kind might have been on foot. In any case, it had the desired effect. McKelvey thrust out his chest and cried:—

'There may have been one of my men on the mainland looking for a still, but if he lands with it on this island, I'll break every bone in his body. I've been sick for the past week, but from now on I'm on my feet and you may take gospel oath that what I say I'll do will be done.'

'Well! In that case,' I said in a humble tone, 'I'm very sorry to have spoken so roughly, Mr. McKelvey. I apologize. I can only beg your pardon.'

'You have it and welcome, Mr. Corrigan,' he said, his face beaming with great joy. 'And now, sir, I'm going to take that hand I refused to take before, if ye do me the honor of offering it.'

We shook hands and I do believe that I never have felt so happy in my life as when I grasped the hand of that magnificent man. Nor did I ever afterwards, during my service in the district, have the least trouble with poitheen-making on Inishcam, for McKelvey kept his word like the true king that he was.

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Persons and Personages

Michelangelo of Today

By Louis Golding

From *T'ien Hsia*, Shanghai Literary Monthly

JACOB EPSTEIN is a sculptor. He has carved, with his own hands, eighteen figures on the British Medical Association building in the Strand, the tomb of Oscar Wilde in Père Lachaise Cemetery, the Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park, the *Day* and *Night* figures on the St. James's Park Underground Station, an abstract figure of *Venus*, a heroic figure *Genesis* and of a *Sun God;* and for all these there has been an outcry in the sensational press, and an amount of public and private discussion remarkable in a country which, apart from Alfred Stevens, has never had a sculptor of more than local quality or reputation. [*His latest statue*, Adam, *has again roused a tremendous hue and cry among critics. 'A biologist's nightmare,' 'three tons of ugliness,' are but two of the many insults hurled at him. Yet when* Adam *was recently exhibited in Blackpool, a workers' seashore resort, thousands of workers paid admission to see it.*—The Editors]

His career is of the simplest. He was born in New York in 1880 of Jewish parentage, studied drawing and painting at the school of the Art Students' League, and modeling in the evening class. He contributed drawings from life to Hutchin Hapgood's *The Spirit of the Ghetto* in 1902 —vivid portrayals of old men, Jews in praying shawls, going to the Synagogue, at morning prayers, at Friday night prayers, in the *Chayder* or Hebrew school, intellectuals in the cafés, scholars poring over the Talmud. From these and from drawings of New York life bought by the *Century Magazine* he made enough money to take him to Paris in 1902, where he studied sculpture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

As a young man of twenty-one he eagerly took part in the teeming life of artistic Paris, spending much of his time in the Louvre. It was then that he laid the foundation of his own collection of African and Oceanic art, one of the largest and finest of private collections. In 1905 he came to England; in 1906 he married the charming and forceful personality whose busts are among his finest creations, and settled down permanently as a sculptor in England. With the exception of a short stay in America he has worked in England peacefully, save for interruptions from the press, and a short period of war service.

In 1907 he began carving the figures on the Strand building of the

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British Medical Association, a building then modern in its severity of architecture, and demanding adequate sculptural decoration. Instead of the customary allegorical figures being copied by workmen from clay models and then applied to the building, Epstein chose to do first hand carving on the stone, and on the building itself, with a degree of distortion and abstraction which then appeared startling, but now surprises by its comparative moderation. The outcry and journalistic sensation began almost immediately. Censorship public and private was invoked. Epstein himself tells with great gusto of the policeman who mounted the scaffolding on which he was carving, examined one figure, pulled out his notebook and wrote the word 'Rude,' then went on to another figure and wrote 'Very rude,' and departed to make his expert report to his superiors.

Even more exciting was the adventure of Père Lachaise Cemetery. A woman admirer of Oscar Wilde arranged with Robert Ross, his executor, for a monument to be carved by Epstein. It was commenced in England in 1909 and carved by the sculptor direct from a 20-ton block of Derbyshire stone, a vast figure swiftly moving forward with stylized wings, vaguely Assyrian in character, a symbol of the 'poet as messenger.' It was exhibited in England in June, 1912, without offence to public morals or private feelings. In September, it was moved to Père Lachaise, and the trouble started. In England, the land of prudery, no objection was taken to the fact that the angel was provided with masculine sexual organs. In enlightened France, lorry drivers and stone masons indulged in lewd pleasantries, and finally the Prefect of the Seine covered the whole monument over with straw, as being indecent.

In England the treatment of Epstein was purely capricious for a while. His *Head of an Infant* done in 1907 was purchased by H. M. Queen Alexandra. *Nan* of 1909 is now in the Tate Gallery, and the bronze head of *Lady Gregory* of 1910 is now in the National Gallery, Dublin. But soon came his first one-man exhibition in 1913. Epstein had now turned his attention to abstraction. He was one of the earliest of modern artists in England to be concerned with the problems of form.

One of the most remarkable and least appreciated of Epstein's gifts as a sculptor is the instinctive harmony between his carvings, with their autonomous existence as sculptures, and the form of the buildings on which they are placed. The Strand carvings blend into the building; the *Day* and *Night* repeat in uncanny fashion the main lines of those parts of the building which form a background to each figure—the archway between the child's legs—the horizontal sweep of the recumbent figure leading up by means of the poisoned arm to the brooding mass of the figure above. *Rima*, seen in a picture-postcard reproduction, is almost meaningless aggression, but seen as part of a designed panel, set back in

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the peace of its enclosure, it is almost reticent in its fitness for the site, and its literary relation to the passage which inspired it: 'What a distance to fall, through burning leaves and smoke, like a white bird shot dead with a poisoned arrow, swift and straight into that sea of flame below.'

Propaganda against Epstein has always been ignorant or unscrupulous, and has always been used to bolster up rival systems of beauty. A policeman, perhaps the same who had commenced his aesthetic education with the Strand figures twenty-one years before, in 1929 said of *Day* and *Night:* 'It's not my idea of beauty.' It was inevitable that the author of the Nurse Cavell monument should pay the supreme compliment: 'Epstein does not know the A.B.C. of sculpture.' To those who watched the effect of *Rima* on the public, it was instructive to observe school mistresses of dubious physical structure taking crocodiles of high-school girls to see how ugly the human form could be made, and equally instructive to see passing navvies pausing to admire the severe physical labor overlooked by the literary critics who had no idea that it was possible, and even customary, to exhibit as 'sculpture' masses of stone which had never been touched by the hand of the 'sculptor.'

Epstein regards himself as a direct sculptor in stone, but he is also a modeler of portrait busts and bronze figures, and herein lies the main source of the quarrel that art critics have with him. Bloomsbury condescends by regarding him as an interesting portraitist but no sculptor. The followers and fashionable imitators of Maillol and the spigoni of Brancusi are alone accepted as sculptors proper. A further complaint brought against Epstein's portrait busts is that they are too 'psychological,' that they show an untoward interest in the sitter's character.

Epstein has put forward the paradox that modeling is more genuinely creative than carving, that, as Michelangelo said in a famous sonnet, the block of stone may contain a hint of the form to be freed from it, whereas modeling is the creation of something out of nothing. His method of working with added pellets rather than smoothing a surface is consciously an art of building up, since 'the face is made up of numberless small planes and it is a study of where those planes begin and end, their direction, that makes the individual head.' A double interest, in the play of lighting and of structure seen from within, and the play of character in the service of as faithful a likeness as possible, is the interest of Epstein's portraits. It is no exaggeration to say that he has created a larger number of great portraits than any individual artist in the whole history of sculpture; *Jacob Kramer*, *Cunninghame Graham*, *Old Pinager*, the superb *Joseph Conrad*, the imposing *Lord Rothermere*, *Rabindranath Tagore*, *Ellen Jansen*, *Isabel Powys*, the monumental *Paul Robeson*, the super-subtle *Albert Einstein* are obvious and durable masterpieces.

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It would be no exaggeration to say that no living sculptor has a greater knowledge of art than Epstein. His days are spent in museums and exhibitions, no new objects remain unscrutinized, no discovery from Ur of the Chaldees or from Mexico is hidden from him, either in illustration, museum, exhibition, or in the sale room. It is inspected and assimilated, its lesson learned. His own collection of Gothic carvings, Negro sculpture, Chaldean figures, Marquesan idols, Gold Coast bronzes is of superb sculptural value. He has not passed through a succession of influences but has recreated in his own practice the whole history of sculpture, adapting newer methods to modern problems. 'African work,' he says, 'has certain important lessons to teach that go to the root of all sculpture. I have tried to absorb those lessons without working in the African idiom.'

Epstein has long been a figure of public notoriety. Wherever he has gone, he has been observed and followed. But for years now Epstein has lived in the warmth of his own rich family life, with Peggy Jean as a hearth flame, at home to his friends, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians above all, and even mere human beings. In his home are the signs of his enthusiasms for contemporaries or kindred sports—dozens of paintings by Mathew Smith, pieces of carving by Henry Moore who for him is 'the one important figure in contemporary English sculpture,' huge idols from the South Seas, garlanded with flowers by Peggy Jean, and fed with offerings of fruit from Joan Greenwood or the infant Paul Robeson, Chaldean statues, Gothic figures, drawings by Modigliani—all these give proof of his catholic and generous tastes. Conversation with Epstein is a tonic. No humbug escapes castigation. Fake reputations are bowled over like ninepins. Craftsmanship and vision are the supreme tests, and when he can be drawn on the subject of his own art, rather than on painting, music, or fiction, in all of which he is deeply informed, his comments are memorable. More can be learned of the personality of Epstein from his bust of Einstein than from any other of his works. The confrontation of two shy boys making order out of chaos, two Jews dabbling in the raw matter of Genesis, marks an epoch in the history of the modern spirit.

First Wings of the R.A.F.

By Carl Olsson

From the *Illustrated*, London Topical Monthly

For nearly a thousand years this country has been immune from serious outside attack. The shallow seas which wash our shores, dangerous and uncertain as they are with their swiftly changing winds and tides,

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have been a perfect natural barrier against invasion. And we have been made doubly secure by the might of that sea-power which has always been the keystone of our Imperial strategy.

In less than a generation, all that has been changed. A new element, the air, has upset the centuries-old pattern of our defense tactics. For the first time our civilian population, our cities and hamlets, houses and farms, are confronted with a direct and potent menace.

There is one weapon only which is of any effective use against air attack—the airplane itself. On the Royal Air Force, and on the man at its head, who must forge it into a defense shield of maximum efficiency, there rests today a burden of responsibility as great as Drake's or Nelson's.

This man is the Chief of Air Staff. And the one who holds that post today is Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Louis Norton Newall.

What kind of man is he, and what is his job?

A foreign air journal once gave Newall the title of 'first wings of England,' a grandiloquent label which he would hate. For he dislikes 'show' of any kind. He belongs to that ultra-professional type of soldier which Britain is now producing, just at the time she needs them most.

At fifty-three years of age, Newall is young to have achieved leadership in the armed forces of the Crown. But his age is appropriate to the youthful service he commands. Slim and spare, he looks a typical pilot.

Newall was born in India, the son of an army colonel, and after the usual preparation at Sandhurst, he went into an infantry regiment, later transferring to the Indian Army. But one home leave he had in 1911 changed all his life and his career. He saw the strange contraption called a flying machine for the first time, and at once lost his heart to what most people then considered a useless, dangerous and crazy pastime. He gave up all his leave to flying lessons, receiving his license in 1911.

When he returned to India, he went as a prophet of this new art applied to military uses. And although a very junior officer in an army where 'modern' ideas were discouraged among the young, he began to pester his superiors with suggestions and schemes for starting a flying school.

In 1913 he finally succeeded. He was organizing this school in India when the War broke out. Newall returned home and went to France as a squadron flight commander.

By 1917 he had been a commander for nearly two years of that Wing which, based near Nancy, carried out all the bombing operations against inland German objectives which were decided upon as a counter-offensive to air-raids on London. He knows, therefore, the technique of bombing behind enemy lines and its full political and military effects.

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Newall is the only high rank officer who has the Albert Medal, a decoration usually associated with peacetime heroism. But he won it in France in 1916 for a piece of most coldblooded courage.

A fire had broken out in an R.F.C. bomb store containing nearly 2,000 high-explosive bombs. Newall first played a hose on the blaze through a hole burned by the flames. Then he led a small party inside the still burning building and succeeded in putting out the flames. At any second during those strenuous last moments inside the building he might have been blown to smithereens.

After the War he commenced the long and varied assortment of duties which so eminently fitted him for his present job. Unlike Lord Gort, his opposite number with the Army, who was a unit commander almost up to the day when he was appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Newall has held nearly every high staff appointment within the R.A.F.

He has been in turn Director of Personnel, of Operations and Intelligence, Deputy Chief of Air Staff and Air Member on the Council for Supply and Organization. So he knows the jobs of his colleagues on the Air Council and his subordinates on the staff.

He also knows the problems of command. For sandwiched in between these staff appointments he has held a bombing command under Air Defense of Great Britain and has been Air Officer in Command, in the Middle East, which should be useful to him when Mediterranean defense problems crop up.

Finally, he knows politicians, and understands the way they work and think. For some time he was on the League of Nations Disarmament Committee, an experience which must give him some pretty grim thoughts today. Few military leaders have understood the political mind. It is an invaluable qualification in one whose first function is to suggest and interpret high policy.

Newall has made his mark in the service as few of his predecessors have done, although many of them have been much better known to the general public. It is no exaggeration to say that it is Newall who has built up the new R.A.F.

His breadth of mind and policy is shown by many innovations he has made during his term of office. The Balloon Command is one. And the Maintenance Commands which have the responsibility of keeping all equipment tuned up to perfect condition are some of the others.

But, in spite of the vast range of his departmental duties, he is no office soldier. He gets about a lot to the commands and units, flying everywhere and keeping up the closest personal contacts. The very smallness of Britain is an advantage for him in that respect, as compared with the air chiefs of other countries. He can step into a machine

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and be at the most distant command in little more than a couple of hours.

A Chief of Air Staff usually dwells in stellar regions so remote from the ken of junior officers that they are hardly able to express any opinion or personal estimate of him. He is just a name. But Newall is different. He is exceedingly popular with the younger pilots. In a service where the efficiency of machines and men is continually a matter of life or death for individual members, his ruthless pursuit of that quality commands their liking and respect.

He is not a martinet, but he has no patience with fools of whatever rank. And he has been a great slasher of red tape. For example, blimps of all degrees, both in the Air Ministry and at the commands, had at one time created a bottomless ocean of 'paperwork.' But Newall has altered all that.

In his public utterances—and he is an exceptionally good public speaker for a soldier—he has been equally precise. Sometimes his remarks have verged on indiscretion for a serving officer. At the Inskip dinner, he complained about the people who are 'continually running down our stock while forgetting the weeds in other people's gardens.' Because he is a keen gardener, he is fond of gardening similes.

There is nothing insular about his approach to the grave defense problems with which we are faced. It is no secret that the huge recent development and speeding-up of the French Air Force has been largely due to the coöperation and assistance which Newall has always maintained. The French Air Minister, M. Guy le Chambre, has had almost weekly conferences with Newall ever since the crisis of last September. They work together in complete harmony and trust, which is more than can be said for the relations existing between the British and French High Commands for the greater part of the last war.

With his colleagues on the Air Council, with the commanding officers, his own staff and the officials at the Air Ministry, Newall has a reputation for clear thinking and quick action. He has a gift for formulating precisely his various plans for directly and effectively advancing the development of the Royal Air Force, and for this country's defense.

The Air Council, of which he is the chief member next to the Minister, Sir Kingsley Wood, is the least leisurely of all the executive departments of the Crown. It is now run almost exactly on the lines of the board of management of a huge and prosperous commercial undertaking. It has a fixed meeting once a week when its members report progress about each of their own sections and discuss immediate future plans. In addition, there are full sessions of the Council convened by the Minister as often as is necessary.

Newall's main functions are:—

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1. All questions of Air Force policy. (Which means, among many other things, decision on a bigger or smaller Air Force; balance of bomber and fighter strength; help to be given abroad; relations with other services and the public.)

2. Advice on conduct of air operations and issue of orders thereto.

3. The fighting efficiency and collective training of the R.A.F.

4. Questions of policy in connection with raising of equipment and distribution of material and personnel (shadow factories would come under this heading, and the positioning of defense forces).

5. The collection of intelligence about foreign air forces.

6. R.A.F. communications (which means telephones and wireless).

In this two years of office, Newall has seen the R.A.F. grow from 1,083 to 3,000 first-line machines, plus what the Air Ministry blandly terms 'undisclosed additions,' and from about 50,000 strength with reserves to more than 250,000. This year he will have the main voice in spending the colossal sum of £260,000,000—more than the other two Services combined—on building up a still mightier Air Force.

Newall has done exceedingly well. But on his shoulders now rests the charge of forging finally a weapon which will put any hope of an aerial attack on this country, or even war itself, out of the question. No man need envy him that terrible responsibility. But Great Britain can be grateful that it is in such proven and capable hands.

HONEST SOLDIER

The Empire was won by the sword, has been preserved through generations by the sword, and in the last resort can only be safeguarded by the sword.

—Viscount Gort, Chief of the Imperial General Staff

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A noted British publicist sees 'Union Now,' a true Federation of the democracies, as the eventual solution.

Design *for* Peace

By Norman Angell

From *Time and Tide*
London Independent Weekly

Is it really necessary to labor the proposition that if Britain and France, still in some degree democratic, are to frame policies of resistance adequate to the realities of the military situation, the public must know what those realities are? That if our peoples are to be called upon to make ever-increasing sacrifices, to endure mortal torments for a given purpose, they must know what that purpose is; must be brought to appreciate its worth, and to believe in the possibility of its accomplishment?

Taking those propositions for granted (though very many do not), let us face the wider implications of the Russo-German Agreement.

That agreement has not stopped at the mere partition of Poland: there are obviously agreements between the invaders concerning 'spheres of influence' in Europe—agreement as to how the various lesser States, Baltic, Balkan or Danubian, shall be distributed as between the two 'orbits.' It is impossible at present for France and Britain to protect even the lesser democratic States (Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland), if only because they refuse to be protected in the sense that they fear to form a defensive combination with us based on mutual assistance.

A dozen lesser States making an effective unit might constitute a force of great defensive power. But if, for any reason, when one is attacked, the other eleven remain passive, and then when one of the remaining eleven is attacked the other ten remain passive, it becomes quite evident that the totalitarian combination can destroy the whole group in detail. The rejection of the collective principle of defense has produced that situation.

It reaches beyond Europe. Russia is probably coming to a bargain with Japan on the basis of selling out China (already the agreement in respect of the Mongolian hostilities has released Japanese forces for the war in China proper), as Russia came to a bargain

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with Germany on the basis of the partition of Poland. This means the virtual partitioning of China between Russia and Japan. Germany, Russia and Japan will thus dominate a geographical area stretching from the Rhine, across Europe, across Asia, to the Pacific, the material resources of which (as well as much of its man-power) will be available for the combination. That combination is likely to hold together so long as there are spoils to share, spoils from victims incapable of effective defense. The maxim that there is nothing two parties will agree about so readily as the spoliation of a third, applies with force in the present situation. Italy may enter with demands: 'Tunis, Jibuti, Corsica, Algeria, Suez, or I join the totalitarian group.'

It is now a generally accepted military doctrine that the defense has an advantage over the attack of from three or four to one. It is not merely a question of getting through a single Siegfried line, but a whole series of Siegfried lines; of destroying armies that can maneuver from the Rhine to the Vistula and draw resources from territory which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Arctic to the frontiers of India. Even if the man-power of France and Britain were equal to it, a war of attack would leave them bled white—with the enemy, enjoying the advantage of defense, having made no equivalent sacrifice of man-power.

II

It brings us to the other question which, even if unexpressed, is present in the mind of the public and must be answered if, as the war goes on, the effort is to be adequately sustained. How, when victory is ours, is the restoration of Poland or Czecho-Slovakia or Austria to be made any more permanent, any longer lived, than the settlement of 1919 has proved to be? The defeat of Germany in 1918, the constitution of Czecho-Slovakia and the restoration of Poland have lasted twenty years. How long is the next German defeat and the next Polish or Czecho-Slovak restoration to last? Are Britain and France to be called upon every decade or every other decade to 'restore' democracies like Poland or Czecho-Slovakia? How is our purpose, even after victory, to be given permanence? Without some feeling that the thing is possible, without at least a design of the new world before us, how can our people be expected to give all that they have?

These are tragic questions. It is better to have an answer for them than merely to ignore them. Unanswered they will fester and at vital moments mean indecision, and may well endanger our purpose.

That purpose can be achieved. But only by a kind of effort in the political (as well as in the military) field, which will not be made unless we really do realize that to make it is the price of our final triumph.

A quite different strategy from that of a direct military offensive has at times been suggested: a 'white war' of economic attrition, 'permanent sanctions,' behind our defenses.

The proposal is that instead of our battering the Siegfried Line, we let the Germans batter the Maginot Line; stand on the defensive, so as to give time for there to be brought into play the full effects of (a) our sea blockade; (b) internal resistance in Germany,

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Austria, Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, Poland; (c) realization by neutrals of the danger that they run from a Russo-German domination of Europe, and so courage to join the democratic forces; and—most important of all—(d) formation by the democracies, not of a mere military and naval alliance, but a true Federation in which Western Europe, and the nations overseas which have grown out of the civilization of Western Europe can pool their resources, economic, naval and military, for common defense.

The total forces of the democracies are not less than the total forces of the dictatorships. But the latter can be used as a unit; the forces of the democracies cannot. The situation would wholly change if our vague talk of federalism could be translated now into a political fact as the foundation of our military power.

If Britain, France, the Scandinavian States, the Low Countries, the British Dominions and the United States formed one country it would, after all, be impregnable and could continue the development of its civilization undismayed by totalitarian power. It is not material force that we lack. It is the moral capacity to use it for truly common ends.

Totalitarianism is supposed to have grown, in part, out of a sense of economic disadvantage, a sense of the unfair apportionment of the earth's resources; from the thrust of the Have-Nots against the Haves. Under Federalism there would be no 'Have-Nots.'

Some years ago there existed in the United States an obscure society 'For the Admission of the British Empire to the American Union.' The assumption was that Great Britain should apply for admission to the Union as a State or a number of States; should, in fact, ask for annexation by the United States. The idea is rich, of course, in possibilities of derision. But if, in fact, the possession of Empire has the supreme and tremendous advantages which nations commonly attach to the acquisition of territory (the motive which has brought the present war upon the world), then such a sequel, if one could imagine it being made, would offer to the United States the greatest opportunity of wealth and power ever presented to a people.

Indeed, is not such a proposal merely another way of bringing about that 'Union Now,' which has lately become so popular a theme on both sides of the Atlantic? Whether in any federal arrangement America annexed Britain, or Britain annexed America, it would in the end come to the same thing. And if America did 'own' the Empire, the defense of it to the last man and the last dollar would be a matter of course. Why, therefore, should she not 'own' it?

But whether it be by some such federalism, or by other means, we must form some vision, some design, some notion of how, this time, our victory is to be attained, and when attained, used to achieve the purpose for which we fight.

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The Russo-German Pact viewed by a Japanese; one American's inquiry into the influence of the Soviets in China.

In the Far East

I. Japan Weighs the Pact

By Katsuji Fusé

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Monthly

THE Soviet Union's international status was at its lowest last autumn, as a result of that nation's exclusion from the Munich Conference, convoked by Great Britain, Germany, France and Italy to discuss and dispose of the Czecho-Slovakia question. An alliance in the form of a mutual assistance pact had existed between the Soviet Union and Czecho-Slovakia, thus entitling the former to a voice in matters concerning the latter's fate, but Germany and Italy nonetheless refused to consider Soviet participation in the Munich Conference, while Great Britain and France, for their part, held that no necessity existed for consultation with the Soviet Union.

The great humiliation which the Soviet Union thus suffered as a result of its exclusion from the Munich Conference had the effect, however, of powerfully stimulating the Kremlin, whose leaders were recalled from their engrossment with the task of suppressing internal opposition to a sudden realization of the extent to which their country's international prestige had fallen. They saw the necessity for reorganizing their diplomatic activities and at the same time evidently realized that the major cause of the lowering of the Soviet Union's international standing was the bloody purge which had been carried on relentlessly for two whole years and, resulting as it did in mass arrests and executions of Communist Party leaders, Red Army officers and Soviet diplomats, had made of the Soviet Union a very hell on earth.

The Kremlin leaders, therefore, determined to restore the international prestige of their country, reversed their policy of terrorism and replaced Nikolai Ivanovich Yezhov, who, as People's Commissar for Home Affairs (Chief of the O.G.P.U.), had been responsible for the purge, with Laurenti Beria. The new chief of the O.G.P.U. embarked on a policy of winning the confidence of the people instead of terrorizing them.

Chancellor Hitler, meanwhile, had

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been achieving spectacular success in Europe. His annexation of Czecho-Slovakia and recovery of Memel, plunging the whole of Europe into a whirlpool of unrest, came as a great shock to Britain and France and gave Poland the feeling that she was exposed to a direct and powerful menace. The result of all this was a *volte face* on the part of Great Britain and France, who, like a drowning man clutching at a straw, began suddenly to seek a *rapprochement* with that very Soviet Union whom they had regarded so coldly only a short time before.

This alarmed Germany and Italy who started, therefore, a countermove calculated to estrange the Soviet Union from the Anglo-French camp. Thus the strange spectacle was presented of the Soviets, who had been ostracized a few months before, being courted by all the leading Powers of Europe. It is worth noting at this point, however, that the Soviet Union has more in common from the ideological view point with the democratic camp than with the totalitarian States, whose policies she has until now been vigorously attacking; hence any rapid *rapprochement* with Germany and Italy was bound to prove difficult. So the Soviet Union entered openly into negotiations with Great Britain and France, but at the same time she began to dicker secretly with Germany and Italy in an endeavor to find ways of eliminating the friction existing between these two latter States and herself.

European diplomacy nowadays is a mixture of duplicity and dualism. An outstanding example of this kind of diplomacy is that practiced by Rumania, who takes scrupulous care to chime in with all the other Powers in Europe. And the master of the Kremlin, notorious as he is for his Machiavellism, is a match for all comers at this type of diplomacy. It has been almost an open secret that the Soviet Union, while pushing conversations with Great Britain and France for the conclusion of a military alliance, has been negotiating with Germany and Italy, and it may, in fact, have been Great Britain and France alone who remained ignorant of the Soviet Union's duplicity.

II

What has prompted the Soviet Union to practice this type of dual diplomacy? The Soviet Union apparently has never had any intention of aligning herself against Germany by concluding a military alliance with Great Britain and France, as may be seen from Stalin's speech before the Communist Party Congress last spring, in which he decried the idea of picking chestnuts out of the fire for Great Britain and France. The question which naturally arises then is why the Soviet Union began negotiations with Great Britain and France for the conclusion of a military alliance. One of her reasons for so doing may have been to keep Germany and Italy in suspense so as to secure as much as possible from them in the way of concessions, and another reason, no less important, might easily be seen in her desire to enhance Soviet prestige and status through diplomatic negotiation with the two democratic Powers. The existence of this latter motive may easily be imagined if one considers the policy of deliberate delay which the Soviet Union pursued right from the start of the negotiations with Great Britain and France.

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Once the conference had got under way, the Soviet Union took Great Britain and France aback by proposing a comprehensive, unqualified military alliance. And then when the latter two Powers made a counter-proposal for a reduction in the scope of the contemplated alliance, she shifted the responsibility for the delay onto their shoulders. Again, as the conference proceeded, the Soviet Union from time to time adopted an attitude that gave Great Britain and France cause to believe that she would accept their proposals, only to reject each set of proposals at the last moment. Great Britain and France each time would make some further concession in an attempt to induce the Soviet Union to accept their terms, but this only led in every instance to a fresh Soviet demand for concessions.

The Soviet idea was that these tactics would serve to present the U.S.S.R. in a very favorable light to the outside world. From this point of view the longer the negotiations with Great Britain and France were delayed the greater the international prestige of the Soviet Union would become. The delays were, therefore, deliberate on the part of the Soviet Union, who, as already pointed out, had no intention of concluding a military alliance with Great Britain and France. Instead she has concluded a non-aggression pact with Germany, and at the same time has enhanced her international prestige, although her foreign policy is wide open to criticism on the ground of double dealing.

The *rapprochement* effected by the Soviet Union with Germany has not been designed just to avoid trouble with the latter. What the Kremlin leaders have always dreaded most was the thought of a joint Japano-German front against the Soviet Union, which would then be open to simultaneous attack from the West and the East. It has been the consistent policy of the Soviet Union, therefore, to avoid any action which might lead to the simultaneous outbreak of hostilities with Japan and Germany. Now, to avoid simultaneously antagonizing Germany and Japan means to effect a *rapprochement* with one of the two, thus freeing the Soviet Union's hands to fight against the other, and at the same time alienating the enemy in the West from the enemy in the East. The Soviet Union saw this clearly and acted accordingly; hence the conclusion of the non-aggression pact with Germany. It seems hardly necessary to add that the Soviet policy, as manifested in her conclusion of this non-aggression pact and of the recent trade agreement with Germany, is directed against Japan despite the truce on the Mongolian border.

III

What does this new deal between Germany and the Soviet Union signify in the eyes of Germany? Chancellor Hitler's invariable policy has been to concentrate his attacks each time on one particular country, while minimizing his differences with other Powers. These were the tactics used so successfully in the case of the *Anchluss* with Austria, the annexation of Czecho-Slovakia and the invasion of Poland. In order to concentrate her attacks on Poland, Germany pursued a policy of 'appeasement' toward all her other neighbors: thus she concluded non-aggression pacts with the three Baltic

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states, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia; she assured herself of Hungary's coöperation by the conciliatory gesture of ceding Carpatho-Ukraine (Ruthenia) in her favor; she has reached an understanding with Bulgaria and Yugoslavia; and she has tried to reach an understanding with Rumania by resorting to both persuasion and force. Even in the case of France, whose assistance Poland positively expected, Hitler has taken the trouble to give his assurance that Germany does not ever contemplate any alteration of the Franco-German border and that she has abandoned her idea of recovering Alsace-Lorraine.

In dealing with Poland, Germany could not leave the Soviet Union out of consideration. The question of whether the Soviet Union, a big country contiguous to Poland, was likely to become an enemy, an ally or neutral was fraught with great significance for both Germany and Poland, and it was this fact which accounted for the cautious efforts made by Germany to negotiate with the Soviet Union. Germany's first move was to wash her hands completely of the Ukraine question. At the time of the annexation of the Sudeten areas Germany placed her hand on Carpatho-Russia, which she renamed Carpatho-Ukraine with the obvious intention of attempting a settlement of the Ukraine question, too, and as a consequence the Kremlin became enraged. Hitler took the hint and changed the name of Carpatho-Ukraine back again to Carpatho-Russia last March when he carried out his Czecho-Slovakian *coup*. In fact, he went further and abolished the German protected régime in Carpatho-Russia, placing this territory in Hungary's hands.

It was at this juncture that Dr. Bernardo Attolico, Italian Ambassador in Berlin, having offered his good offices for mediation between Berlin and Moscow, called on Alexei Fedorovich Merkalov, Soviet Ambassador in Berlin, and drew attention to the fact that Hitler was paying no attention to the Ukraine question, further reminding the ambassador that it would not be wise for the Soviet Union to follow the lead of Great Britain and France in antagonizing Germany and Italy.

Germany's second move with respect to the Soviet Union was to negotiate for the conclusion of the commercial agreement with the latter and then for the signing of the present non-aggression pact, these two instruments being designed to put the finishing touch to the readjustment of relations between Germany and the Soviet Union.

Joachim von Ribbentrop, the German Foreign Minister, proceeded in person to Moscow to sign the non-aggression pact with Vyacheslav Mikhailovich Molotov, Soviet Foreign Commissar, because Molotov, who is concurrently chairman of the Council of People's Commissars and People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, was not in a position to leave Moscow. This arrangement, however, also serves to illustrate the Soviet policy of utilizing every diplomatic negotiation or meeting to enhance her international status and prestige. We may recall here that in April and May last, the rumor was spread that Lord Halifax, the British Foreign Secretary, would visit Moscow personally. This rumor was reported to have emanated from

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Moscow, which is quite believable in view of the Soviet Union's great concern over the bolstering of its prestige.

The diplomacy of Litvinov, who was accused of democratic proclivities, has been liquidated and the Soviet Union will follow a line of foreign policy based on the materialistic diplomacy of Stalin, who is given to cold calculation and unswayed by idealism or sentiment. Materialistic diplomacy counsels submission to a stronger opponent but allows high-handed action toward a weaker one. The Kremlin regards Great Britain and France as weak fighters, while it looks upon Germany as a strong fighter. It believes that no good could come of fighting a strong Germany as a result of its having allied itself with a weak Great Britain and France. The Kremlin's first rule is never to antagonize a powerful opponent and the question of ideological differences between itself and Germany takes second place. Kremlin statesmen, moreover, received a valuable object lesson at the time of the European War and the Russian Revolution.

The writer was in Russia throughout the Great War and revolutionary periods and remembers how every time the British and French were hard pressed by the Germans, they asked the Russians to divert some of the German forces by launching an attack from the east. And whenever the Russians failed to accede immediately to such a request they were threatened by their British and French allies with a suspension of the supply of funds or munitions. So the Russians would launch offensives at the request of Britain and France and suffered heavy losses every time. But the British and French, on the other hand, never tried to divert the Germans, remaining inactive instead when the Russians were forced to retreat before heavy German onslaughts.

This selfish attitude on the part of Britain and France led the writer to report to his newspaper, the *Osaka Mainichi*, in the first year of the Great War that Russia would seek a separate peace with Germany, and that there was a danger of revolution breaking out in Russia. This story so enraged the Czarist régime that the writer was detained in Moscow for some time by the Russian gendarmerie. The whole experience is still fresh in the memory of the writer and it may be that the Soviet Russians still remember their bitter experience in bearing the brunt of the German attacks, victims as they were of the selfish policy of Great Britain and France. No wonder, therefore, that the Kremlin has forsaken Great Britain and France in order to join hands with Germany.

II. Russia in China

By Lincoln Hall

[*The following article was written by an American anthropologist working in China. Barred from conducting expeditions into Outer Mongolia, Sinkiang and other northwestern provinces of China, he attempted to unearth the*

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reasons. In the course of his inquiry into the motives underlying the ban against him, he learned it was not so much Japanese interference which put obstacles in the path of his expedition as it was Soviet influence and authority that prevented closer scrutiny of conditions. This article gives his interpretation of the political background to his difficulties.—THE EDITORS.]

A GLANCE at a 'war map' of China today reveals that a rather large slice of that ancient land has come under the influence of Japan, with the entire coast-line and nine of the eleven principal provinces in the east controlled by the Japanese. But what the war maps do not reveal is that China has surrendered to the Soviet, without bloodshed, an area five times as large as that which is claimed by the Japanese. And it appears that the end, so far as concerns penetration by the Soviet Union, may not have been reached, since cables are now reporting the arrival of an expeditionary force of 300,000 Red Army troops to Sinkiang, westernmost province of the Republic of China.

What staggers the imagination is the little realized fact that since 1921 Moscow has taken under its wing a part of China approaching the area of the entire United States. For instance, Outer Mongolia was set up as an autonomous republic on the Soviet model in 1924 and is dominated by Moscow, with whom it signed a mutual assistance pact in 1938. Outer Mongolia has an area of 1,013,251 square miles, or something like a third of the area of the continental United States. But the Occident raised no loud objections when the Mongolians were swallowed and foreigners forbidden to enter that area.

Similarly, when the administration of Sinkiang Province (Chinese Turkestan), which adjoins Outer Mongolia on the east, an area of 705,769 square miles which is slightly less than the combined areas of the thirteen states of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Arkansas, Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and North and South Dakota, was quietly Sovietized, after declaring its independence in 1934, there were few cries against this grab on the grand scale. Then, stretching out again, Tannu Tuva, the northwest section of Outer Mongolia, with an area of 64,000 square miles, but not included within the borders of Mongolia itself, was Sovietized; but this was comparatively small pickings, being a bleak stretch of land somewhat smaller than Louisiana. In addition, parts of Tibet, half of Chinghai (Koko Nor) Province, all of Kansu Province, most of Shensi Province, and other sections of western China were lopped off, bit by bit.

Curiously, this unspectacular Soviet drive—unheralded and all but unheeded—has been advancing toward the southern frontiers of Tibet, which are on the border of India and Nepal, and toward Afghanistan where, at the capital of Kabul, there has long been established a Soviet center for the distribution of Communist ideas among the nearly 400,000,000 inhabitants, the majority of them long ripe for a serious attempt at independence from British rule. India has for years been a fertile ground for Moscow's tutelage because the peasants are debt-ridden and the toilers in the cities ill-paid, ill-fed and ill-housed.

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Certain facts of Soviet Russia's 'silent conquests' in China were brought into the spotlight last September when Wang Ching-wei, in a signed article entitled 'European War and the Future of China,' in his newspaper *Chunghua Jih-Pao*, called attention to the long list of encroachments into China by the Soviet Union, and blamed the Comintern for all of China's troubles of the past twenty years, citing one civil war after the other and accusing the Soviet Union of playing the war-lords off against one another.

Wang Ching-wei, former vice-president of the Kuomintang (the National People's Party) who broke with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek last year and is now frankly waiting to set up a 'New China' under Japanese auspices, declared:—

'All the belligerents in Europe must be concerned over the activities of the Comintern in their countries, just as China has had to contend with Soviet meddling in the East. If I may be allowed to give my experience, what has caused me the greatest worry since Sino-Japanese hostilities began in 1937 was the fact that the Comintern was involved in it. It is the Communists who are carrying on the hostilities against Japan, for the sake of the Comintern, not for the sake of China.

'The reason for my leaving Chung King [Chiang's capital in Western China] was the intervention of the Comintern in the present undeclared war. Needless to say, China will suffer great losses, whether she is beaten by Japan or not. But if China wins, the victory will be fundamentally a further Soviet conquest. Russia, under the Czars, was always seeking to expand at the expense of China. Since the advent of Communism, this policy has been even more vigorously pursued, although it has always been masked for the benefit of world opinion, particularly since Moscow, up to the time of the Polish invasion, proclaimed vociferously, time and again, that the Soviet coveted no one else's territory.'

Wang then goes on to quote the late Alfred B. Orage, the British journalist, who once wrote that 'a cardinal principle of Russian policy is that, rebuffed in the East, Russia turns to the West; rebuffed in the West, she turns her face to the East.' That was true under the Czars and is true today. Russia, under Lenin and Stalin, seeking to Bolshevize the West after the 1917 revolution, was decidedly rebuffed. Whereupon, while by no means abandoning efforts in Europe, Russia concentrated upon the East, striving to do in Asia what she was prevented from doing in Europe.

We have seen what has happened, concludes Wang, adding that Russia has now turned West again, seeing that capitalism 'is about to destroy itself for Russia's benefit.'

II

The story of the expansion of Communism in China is a long one, well bolstered with complete and documental facts that, had the world studied them when brought into the light twelve years ago, would have helped to avoid much that has happened since in Europe and Asia.

Because their standards of living were so much higher than in China, Europeans and Americans engaged in

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commercial and missionary work naturally aroused Chinese envy and dislike, even without the provocation of Soviet agents. But under such circumstances, it was all too simple for the Communists in China to delude the coolies into believing that their own poverty was due to the predominance of the 'foreign devils' as well as to domestic factors. In the beginning, Chinese Government authorities rather favored the anti-foreign aspects of this propaganda, since its acceptance by the coolies and peasants served to free the officials from some responsibility for bad conditions. Chinese politicians urged that foreigners be booted out and their concessions in the rich treaty ports and interior trading-cities be returned to the Chinese.

With the tacit approval of the Chinese leaders, the Communist agitation quickly bore fruit. Boycotts against England alternated with boycotts against Japan and then against the United States. Foreigners in the interior were slain, consulates raided by mobs, and finally Great Britain, which was the object of most of the hatred, found herself compelled to send a large fleet to Chinese waters to protect the lives and property of her nationals. American gunboats also were called into play, and only after the loss of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars in property destruction was it possible for the Western Powers to calm the excited Chinese mobs and restore some semblance of order.

Out of this came the revelation that Soviet agents had been pursuing a campaign against all the other Powers that had interests in China. The facts cannot be denied, although the usual charges of forgery were heard. On April 6, 1927, the Soviet Embassy in Peking was raided and yielded documents showing that the anti-foreign campaign had been launched not by isolated or more or less irresponsible Communist agents, but by the official representatives of the Soviet Government, which had organized the uprisings. These disclosures served to check the progress of the Communists for a time, since most of the Moscow agents were expelled in the ensuing reprisals. But they left accomplices in their places to continue their activities underground.

Although subversive activities on the part of the Communists began in China almost immediately after the Revolution in Russia, the Soviet Union had more or less persuasively repeated its denials that its agents had anything to do with the agitation in China, and elsewhere up to that day of the Peking raid in 1927.

But what Chinese officials discovered in the carloads of literature and documents seized in the Soviet Embassy should have sounded a warning to all nations having diplomatic relations with Moscow. For the documents showed that the Soviet Union, contrary to international customs and morals, had instructed its diplomatic agents to stir up revolutions in any country where the soil was thought to be fertile. Yet, to this day, when any discovery is made of Comintern agitation by its diplomatic corps, it rates only a one-day scarehead in the Occidental press and then is forgotten.

III

The documents seized in Peking and translated by Chinese Govern-

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ment officials, with the aid of an international commission, were published to some extent, and fully revealed the development and organization of Soviet officialdom in foreign countries with a special view to carrying on subversive activities. They presented the background to the events in China that had aroused so much suspicion. Furthermore, the documents revealed that various actions had deliberately been provoked in China against the interests of all nations having any stake in China. As for China's national sovereignty, it was violated in the following manner, as revealed in the confiscated tracts:—

1. Various anti-government groups, associations and individuals were to be equipped with arms for fighting against the government of the country; 2. Communist schools, as well as Communist 'cells' in the Chinese National Army, were to be established and Moscow-paid Communist instructors and teachers provided to encourage the spread of Communism, which at that time was being opposed by the National Government; 3. Organization and constant furtherance of the agitation of the Chinese populace against all foreigners living in China were to be constantly fostered in order to disturb relations between China and other countries, and as much property was to be damaged as possible at the hands of anti-foreign mobs.

Also among the seized documents was a report of the Soviet military attaché in Peking concerning the delivery of arms to the revolutionary anti-government First Chinese Army up to the end of March, 1926, in which he stated: 'It is necessary to increase the delivery of weapons to the Chinese revolutionary army. During the period following the arrival of our group (the Soviet instructors), we have delivered weapons to the value of about 6,000,000 gold rubles. In addition to this delivery of weapons the support of the group has cost us, in round figures, 500,000 gold rubles. . . . The National Army is not in a position to attack the *bloc* [Marshal Chang Tso-lin, war-lord of Manchuria, and his allies] in the general political situation. A defensive is possible but dangerous. Such a defensive, in order to succeed, not only does not exclude a series of individual active operations, but even necessitates them. This proves the necessity of immediately increasing our assistance to the various groups of the National Army. . . .'

Among the documents were signed receipts acknowledging deliveries of arms and weapons to various Chinese war-lords, notably Feng Yi-hsiang. The arms and munitions were delivered through Mongolia, but much material was smuggled into China by way of Vladivostok and thence by way of Tientsin. At that period no one, except the recognized Government of China, could get arms save by illegal measures, since the signatory Powers of the Washington Conference had agreed to suppress deliveries of arms to China in order to put a stop to the civil wars. Consequently, control was exercised in all the ports, chiefly by British naval vessels. There were then no barriers raised against the landing of arms for the troops of the two recognized Governments of North and South China. But it was an altogether different question with the Soviet deliveries because Moscow did not

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deliver arms to the Chinese Government, but served the insurrectionary armies, the bandit bands and their leaders.

All over China, the forces of the Soviet Union were working with many organizations but all carrying out the same program which they hoped would result in the foundation of an all-Chinese Soviet Republic, similar to Outer Mongolia. To this program the Chinese National Government was as strongly opposed as were the other Powers, and arms-control appeared to be their only practical way of preventing the entire country from falling under domination by the Soviet Union.

In another of the seized documents, detailed instructions were given as to how Chiang was to be prevented from going to the Right, or at least how he was to be unseated and his powers curbed. These efforts, as it is now known, were not immediately successful, and we find Chiang waging a war against the Communists of China, for which he was labelled as a 'butcher' and a 'traitor' not only in the Chinese press but also in the press abroad. His long-drawn out conflict with the Communists culminated in his sensational kidnapping to Sian in 1936, and after his reported pledge to fight with, instead of against, the Communists as the price for his life, Chiang became a pet of the Soviet Union.

By giving the revolutionary movement in China a national character, by fostering anti-foreignism, temporarily, at least, Moscow won a Pyrrhic victory for Communism, but she also has extended her sway over a vast empire that makes the conquests of Alexander the Great and Napoleon appear trivial. But at what cost to China! By the estimate of Chiang Kai-shek's chief of staff, General Ho Ying-chin, in the years 1931–36 the cost of combating the Red armies was 2,708,000 dead and one billion dollars in property damage.

Wherever one's sympathies may lie in the present conflict in Asia, the vast extent of the Communist penetrations upon Chinese soil, and the cost of Chiang Kai-shek's campaigns to resist an invasion inspired and in part implemented by the Soviet Union, are elements to be weighed in arriving at a just appraisal of the reasons underlying the Far Eastern conflict.

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If the war spreads, the Moslem world will have to face the choice between the democracies and the totalitarian States.

Islam *and the* War

By H. I. Katibah

THE family of nations in Europe has come to blows again, and their bloody squabbles almost inevitably will drag in their back-door neighbors of the Moslem world. In the last World War, more than a million souls of Moslems and Christians in the Near East were sacrificed in a conflict between two imperially-minded groups whose quarrel was of no concern to them, and into which they were dragged against their will. It was then estimated that 175,000 in Lebanon alone perished of starvation.

And today, with practically the same setting, and for the same reason, strife over living-space and colonies, the Moslem world of the Near East faces another prospect of being forced into another war. It is forced to take sides between a master who had failed in the discharge of his duty, proved predatory and ferocious when his interests were at stake, and a potential master whose philosophy of imperialism leaves no hope for future emancipation, except upon the ultimate failure of the system that gave birth to that philosophy.

With the Moslem world, strictly speaking, the Arab world, straddling the highways between the 'democracies' of Great Britain and France and their extensive empires in the Far East, it is only natural that both these democracies and their totalitarian adversaries should plot and scheme, cajole and placate the Moslems or Arabs who inhabit the bridge-lands between East and West.

Great changes, however, have taken place since the first World War. Old-school diplomats and political writers, to whom important facts relating to these changes are not always accessible, are not fully aware of these changes. A full knowledge of them is important, as the success of any campaign to win over the Arab and Moslem worlds depends largely upon it.

Twenty-five years ago religion was still an important factor in the political orientation and ultimate destiny of the Moslem nationalities of the Near

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and Middle East; the caliphate, if not a potent factor, was still a living symbol of that religious force. Almost the whole Arab world was under the direct domination of a non-Arab Moslem state, the Ottoman Empire. The revolt in the desert, acting as a challenge to the religious as well as the political authority of the Sublime Porte, was the turning-point in the history of the Near East, a turning-point which gave nationalism a definite preponderance over religion. In the Arabic-speaking world Pan-Arabism was supplanting Pan-Islamism.

The democracies today are entrenched in the Arab world which, at present, is torn between a struggle to win independence for those sections still under real vassalage to those democracies, and a mortal fear of the rising power of the totalitarian States.

II

Reading between the lines of heavily-censored Arabic newspapers published abroad, and supplementing this with the freely expressed views of Arab editors in the United States, one cannot escape the conclusion that the Arab world, while siding by necessity and natural predilection with the democracies, is not content with its undecided destiny. What is going on now in Egypt, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, behind the screen of military domination and secret diplomacy, no one on this side of the Atlantic is in a position to tell. Unless definite assurances have been given the Arabs, particularly in Syria and Palestine, of the fulfillment by the Allies of their long-deferred promises of independence, the manifestations of fealty and enthusiastic support of which we read in the native Arabic press are either distorted, exaggerated, forced or just inexplicable.

Thousands, we read, have volunteered their services under the French flag in Syria. According to the correspondent of *Al-Ahram* in Beirut, the number has reached 15,000 and is daily on the increase. Most likely these volunteers are destined for defense at home. Presumably many may find their way to the front, or swell the French forces at home. Two deputies in the Lebanese Republic are said to have demanded a draft law in that French-mandated area. From every quarter in Syria and Palestine leaders, religious and civil, have flocked to Beirut to pledge their loyalty, and that of their followers to France, 'the champion of liberty and civilization.' Typical of these pledges is the proclamation, given wide publicity, of the Mufti of Beirut, the latter part of which reads:—

> The Moslems of Lebanon join the Moslems of the whole world in standing by your side, convinced of the justice of the cause defended by the French army, that great army which you most adequately represent among us. In these decisive hours Moslems rally to the support of the French State, in its defense of justice, civilization and humanity.

According to accounts in the Arabic press, political leaders of all shades and factions gave similar pledges to the French and British authorities in Syria, Palestine, Egypt and Iraq. Voicing the inarticulate reaction of thousands of Arabs in this country and abroad to these manifestations of unqualified support by leaders, some of whom had only recently threatened revolt against both the British and French domination in Palestine and

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Syria, the *Syrian Eagle* recently stated editorially:—

> Do not blame them for their inclination to France and Britain, when only yesterday they were forcefully demanding their liberty from them . . . For where are their armies, their airplanes, their tanks and their cannon? . . . And if Hitler had had the mandate over our country, would he not have swallowed it completely, and should we have opposed him, would he not have destroyed it?

Another Arab editor on American soil, however, finds no justification for all this sycophancy in which former demands were almost wholly forgotten.

> It would be better for us (he writes), if we proclaim our demands in the thick of battle and while the sword is over our necks, to hold to our sacred rights in the face of the great danger, than to forget these rights preferring the safety of our lives. (*Meraat-ul-Gharb*)

It must be said, however, that while France still suspends ratification of the Syrian treaty, and while the British-Palestine policy as expressed in the White Paper is still objectionable to the majority of Arabs there, the British and French authorities have taken immediate and strenuous measures for the safety and protection of the civilian populations. War profiteering and hoarding of food material, which was a contributing cause of the great famine in the Lebanon and elsewhere in the Near East in the first World War, were promptly stopped. Measures for the defense and evacuation of urban populations have been taken in all the Arab cities, especially on the Mediterranean coast.

There is much speculation over the attitude of the Arab or Moslem world should Turkey cast its lot with Germany or Russia. The notion still holds in many quarters that Turkey, as the most powerful independent Moslem State, holds the key to the Moslem world. This notion, we believe, has been completely exploded. In the first place, there is today no such thing as a Moslem world, except in a tenuous spiritual sense, as when we speak of the Christian world or Christendom. At least as far as the Arab part of this Moslem world is concerned, Turkey, by its seizure of the Sanjak of Alexandretta, is on the other side of the fence. Such Moslem States as Iran and Afghanistan may be considered as potential allies or potential enemies, depending on their nationalist attitude of friendship or aggression to the countries of the Arab world, while in the Arab world itself the secular philosophy of state is rapidly supplanting the dual politico-religious control of Islam.

One should interpret the loyalty today of the Arab world to the Allies as a choice of a lesser evil, or as the temporary suspension of nationalist agitation in the face of a great common danger. One thing is certain, the Arabs will not end their struggle until they are given their share of that independence and democracy for which the Allies have pledged themselves to secure for the whole world, and which the Arabs have been promised by these same Allies.

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A British correspondent reports on the chances of a German defeat from within; a German writer rants at the British.

The German Scene

I. Revolt in Germany?

By Robert Powell

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

Is the German Reich, despite its show of military strength, heading for internal revolution at an early date? That was the question with which almost all the Berlin correspondents of London newspapers were greeted immediately they crossed the German frontier at the outbreak of war. Whether they went to Denmark, to Holland or to Belgium, they were always asked this question. And here in Great Britain they found that their editors and friends were equally eager to hear something on the same subject.

Let us look at the facts as they appeared to the foreign observer in Germany just a few days before War was declared and try to assess conditions in the light of them and of the reports since received from that country. That great unrest exists throughout the whole territory ruled by the Nazis today is very true. It exists and has existed for a long time past. One had only to talk privately with representatives of all classes and opinions to hear complaints and condemnation of the present régime. The manufacturer who was weary of being dictated to by ignorant party bosses, the worker who hated the bosses who were growing rich and living in luxury, the older generation disgusted with the moral and cultural degradation to which Hitler and his advisers have brought German civilization today, the thousands of Jews and other 'outcasts'—all these are loud in their condemnation. It is unnecessary to add that what can be said of conditions in Germany itself applies far more emphatically to Austria, especially Vienna, and to the 'Protectorate' of Bohemia-Moravia.

To the old complaints the Germans had against the Nazis must be added that Hitler has taken his country into a war, not simply with Poland, now conquered, but also with Great Brit-

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ain and France. One might talk much about the fact that the Führer has broken yet another of his promises to his own people, and this time so openly that even the simplest must realize that he has been let down. The first results of the march of the triumphal armies have been new burdens, ration-cards, new taxes, less beer and thinner quality, dearer milk and an increasing danger of inflation. For no German is so naïve as to believe the excuses given by his Government for the printing of notes of such small denominations as two marks at a time when the monetary circulation is increasing by millions of marks every month. His only hope is that, as in the case of earlier successes in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, so now Poland will either foot the bill or at least help to stem the headlong rush to financial catastrophe until it can be again 'adjusted' —how, he does not know or care.

The facts of the discontent, shortage of foodstuffs and of raw materials, etc., are all true. Not all the boasting of Göring can disguise that. But what is more important than the facts is the question how the German people interpret them, and whether if this interpretation were along 'democratic' lines, they could or would take any decisive and collective action. Right interpretation implies an adequate knowledge of the facts, if not by the people themselves then at least by the press, or cultural leaders, who will present the case to their readers. But this has been impossible in Germany for six years. Not only have the facts been withheld but deliberate misstatements have replaced them. The average Briton's ignorance, which brought us to last September's Munich Agreement, is as nothing compared with the abysmal ignorance of the average German about what his rulers want him not to know.

II

In view of their ignorance of the facts and of the false interpretations so long supplied them, the Germans are not likely to accept suddenly the British-French explanation of events. When shells burst over their positions or bombs blow up their battleships, is it conceivable that they are going to believe that 'encirclement' is simply a peaceful or defensive action of the democracies? The dropping of pamphlets, rather than bombs, may have its value as an indication that we could do other things if we so desired. But it is very doubtful whether pamphlet-dropping will in fact achieve much.

But even if the average German becomes convinced of the Allies' arguments, what are the chances that effective action will follow? Today there are over 3,000,000 Germans under arms, many of them in Poland, Bohemia-Moravia or Slovakia. In other words, they are far from their homes and usual surroundings. They are soldiers liable to military discipline, and hardly likely to be thinking much about revolution when they are devastating other people's territory and adding new provinces to the Reich.

Many of the workers, upon whom the hopes of an anti-Nazi revolution have been set, are among these soldiers. Thousands of others are still at work in factories and workshops. Undoubtedly much sabotage will reveal itself during the next few weeks (especially in Bohemia-Moravia and

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in Vienna). But at the same time the Gestapo is more active than ever, and if its methods were severe and inhuman in peace-time, words fail to express its treatment of its victims in war. Moreover, Germany has been living in such a 'war-peace' system for so many years, and all contacts of anti-Nazis have been so spasmodic and ineffective, that they are not likely to function immediately in war-time.

It is very tempting to see much in the disillusionment which the signing of the German-Soviet Pact must have brought to the 'Old Veterans' in the Nazi Party, to talk of the final revelation of the failure of the Führer's omniscience since the period of bloodless triumphs is over, but the speed of events has given the German little time or opportunity to think; and even if he had it, his mind has been so warped that he could not quickly react. You cannot surrender all personal responsibility under the Leadership Principle for years, and then expect suddenly to be able to act as a free man.

In conclusion, there is one fact which must also be mentioned. It is that Germany is a country in which anything is possible. The erratic 'dynamism' which produced the Nazis may with equal swiftness turn and rend them. But in view of all that has been said here, that eventuality is hardly likely to come about until Germany has experienced military defeat and much greater economic hardship, or the Nazi leaders quarrel among themselves—a hope so long deferred that 'it maketh the heart sick' indeed.

II. British Perfidy

Translated from the *Schwarze Korps*, Berlin Weekly Organ of the Élite Guards

STRANGE as it may sound, the British are a righteous nation. Supreme justice is to them a matter of course in their daily life as well as in the sphere of government. There is only one hitch. The British have one characteristic in common with the Jews and with certain Negro and South Sea tribes. They regard themselves as the chosen people. Anglo-Saxon law and justice are limited to the British. All other peoples are outcasts whom the British want to get under their heel.

In this respect, British thought follows in the footsteps of the Talmud. Like all other nations, Germany is in the enviable position of being regarded by the British in the same light as the Talmud instructs the Jews to regard the *Goyim*.

Thus, without any qualms to his conscience, the Englishman can cheat, lie, ravish and violate—all in the name of his national honor. It is very difficult to make Englishmen understand that this strange attitude fell into oblivion in the Middle Ages. They are likely to answer quite innocently that they themselves have always been excessively just toward all peoples. They probably believe that themselves, and we must admit that Mr. Chamberlain, from his point of view,

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is likely to think that he speaks the truth when he now proclaims to the world that England has never gone to war for a more just cause.

England claims to have fought in fulfillment of her treaty obligations—for a little country whose national independence was threatened by another Power. Simultaneously that same England takes pains to suppress quite a number of other small nations which fight with what little power they have against oppression by the British Empire. No Irishman or Arab in Palestine will be impressed by the English thesis that the Tommies who crush the national aspirations of these oppressed minorities with machine-guns stand for justice alone.

When the defense of the allegedly threatened sovereignty of Poland did not work according to schedule, Great Britain asserted that her real efforts are directed at the destruction of 'Hitlerism,' that is, for the destruction of an ideology different from her own. With this battle-cry, the British Empire is now calling upon its satellites because, according to British tradition, other nations must put British interests above their own, must fight to save British blood. Until the World War, conscription was entirely unknown in England, which always had mercenaries to fight her battles. She built up her Empire on money, not on her own blood.

This time, too, it is mostly money which brings the smaller allies into the fray. Even the cheated Poles received encouragement by a British loan when it was already too late to fight. The Poles had to fight until they bled to death, so that the British Empire should have ample time to transport her overseas troops to the Western Front—again to save British blood at home. That is British perfidy.

When it is a question of defending the vital interests of the Reich, Germany's *Lebensraum* and the future of her people, no sacrifice is too great for us. In such a situation, money loses all meaning. We simply stake the best we have. The English, on the other hand, calculating as usual, utilize only their gold. That is British perfidy.

They will yet be taught, these Britishers, what it means to have as enemy a united nation which has entrusted all its strength to one man. The German people are fighting to remedy an injustice—the British people and their satellites are fighting to maintain this same injustice. The German people tried in every way to do away with this injustice by peaceful negotiation. It is British perfidy when British propaganda now contends that the time-limit, after the German peace proposals had been submitted, was much too short. For the British people had twenty years to remedy the injustice imposed upon the German people, and it was only when Germany's patience—after waiting twenty years, it should be noted—was finally exhausted and when Germany decided to oppose military force with force—only at this moment, when it was too late, did England realize that she would be forced to take up arms to maintain the injustice. With typical British perfidy, she proclaimed to the world that she would now fight for justice.

England's war aim is the destruction of an uncomfortable competitor, and it is characteristic of British perfidy that it camouflages these purely selfish motives with such slogans as 'justice and peace.'

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The rôle of moving pictures varies in different countries; but the spreading of propaganda has become a common feature.

The Cinema *in* Europe

By Frank Clements

From the *Fortnightly*
London Independent Monthly

NOWHERE in Europe, not even in the most developed areas and great capitals, has cinema-going become the widespread, almost automatic custom that it has in England and the United States. The cynic would be tempted to attribute this to the higher standard of intelligence on the Continent, and up to a point he would be correct, for presumably the greater the variety of easily available recreations the greater the standard of culture and the higher the general level of intelligence. For, whereas in England, the cinema has almost a monopoly of cheap entertainment, all over Europe it has to face the competition of the state-supported theatre and opera, the cheap concerts, the cafés with their orchestras and that frugal habit common to nearly all continentals of parading in the main street, bowing to acquaintances with stately grace and blocking the sidewalk by gesticulating in delirious harmony with a group of passing friends.

Climate also plays a rôle, especially in the extreme north and in the south. Rain is the great friend of the picture-house, rain and drab, overcrowded, furtively dark streets. In the north the summer is too short for most people to wish to lose a minute of it away from the strands and rivers or the woods and mountains, which lie within the immediate reach of Oslo, Stockholm, Helsingfors and Tallinn (Reval); and the cold winters call the young people out to the sports with snow or ice and keep the older ones in by their stoves and steaming grog. In the south, people are still uncivilized enough to prefer the breezes and soft evenings below an open sky to the scientifically conditioned air of a cinema.

Moreover, a far higher proportion of Europeans live or work in close contact with the land or in those small towns where the inhabitants retire to rest only a short while after the equally stolid and contented cattle.

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The cinema is too artificial and sophisticated a product ever to be at home near the soil; it offers essentially a substitute life, a dream world, and those people who live hard and in a vivid—if restricted—world of their own have neither the time nor interest to spare for those unreal problems peculiar to gangsters' girl friends and suburban housewives.

A contributory factor to the comparative lack of popularity of the cinema in Europe is certainly therefore the character of many American films, for these everywhere, except in France, Germany, Finland, the Baltic States and Italy, enjoy a very strong position which approaches dominance. The industry in the United States pays small attention to the needs of the export market, even to the peculiarities of those countries, such as Great Britain, which are fortunate enough to share the same language. Because of the link of a common language, Americanization is more advanced in England, but even so the great majority of American films achieve no brilliant success but are merely sufficiently understandable and tolerable not to drive the habit-drugged public away from the picture-houses.

The advent of the talking film was in some ways disadvantageous to the cinema in Europe. Except in Germany and France, the great majority of films shown have to be imported, and the foreign dialogue has either to be translated by sub-titles thrown across the bottom of the screen, or substituted by a dubbed text in the local tongue. The Americans usually employ dubbing for France and for such films as are shown in Germany, but in spite of the technical advances made, and the ingenuity with which phrases are made to fit lip movements, dubbing must always remain an unsatisfactory process. The natural inflections of, for example, the French language in certain situations too often conflict blatantly with the gestures and expression of an actor talking Americanese.

However, it is still perhaps preferable to the use of sub-titles. Not only do these spoil the pictorial quality of the film—in Helsingfors, for example, the titles are in both Finnish and Swedish, so that one has to peer through a barrage of lettering to see what is going on—but they constantly divert the eyes of the audience and thus prevent it from obtaining that complete absorption which, for most people, is essential to the enjoyment of a film. Then, as most of the sound in talking pictures is made up of dialogue, talkies, when they leave their own linguistic area, become little more than poor silent pictures.

II

Film censorship varies greatly in all countries. In Scandinavia and Holland it is mainly based on moral principles, but already in Sweden, for example, there is a clause against films 'which may be unsuitable with regard to relations with foreign countries.' The new type of American film such as the *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* receives short shrift generally on the Continent. The most liberal governments are now compelled to pay due regard to the susceptibilities of foreign Powers, although in many of the democratic countries, particularly in Norway, official bans are avoided by the existence of a large number of private

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and club cinemas (Norway has nearly two hundred) where every type of film is shown.

No such possibility exists under the various forms of totalitarian régimes which abound on the Continent, however, and here, in addition, the political censorship is much more stringently imposed. In Bulgaria, the extent of the censorship can be assessed by the composition of the censoring committee, which is made up of representatives of the cinema owners, the Church and the Ministries for Public Education, Interior, War and Foreign Affairs. In most of such countries, there is, as in Poland, an absolute ban on films from Russia. In Germany and also less stringently in Italy, films are also banned in which Jews play a conspicuous rôle as actors, as producers, as technicians or even as owners. (However, by some ingenious methods best known to themselves, the directors of MGM have managed to insure that their pictures are the most generally shown and the most popular American films in Germany).

It is, however, American films which suffer most heavily from what might be described as social censorship. Crime films, horror films and the like, which are made almost exclusively in the United States, tend more and more to be forbidden everywhere, not only for exhibition to children, but also for adult audiences.

Government intervention or assistance on behalf of national film industries has not greatly affected the aspect of the cinema in Europe except in Germany and Italy. In most countries, preferential treatment is afforded home films, and in addition legislation is often introduced, as in Great Britain, to make the exhibition of a certain number of locally produced films compulsory. However, except for the Swedish film, which has always maintained high standards, the quality of most of these 'quota' movies is lamentable. In Copenhagen cinemas showing one of the rare Danish films are visited only by those staunch citizens whose patriotism is always with them, and those critics and such of the brighter youth who go to raise a jeer.

But German state intervention has been much more successful. There was, however, always a flourishing film industry, both in Germany and Austria (and a creditable one in Czecho-Slovakia) so that the essential machinery to implement a film drive already existed. At the beginning, state interference with German films was catastrophic in its effects on their popularity and prestige both within and without the German frontiers. These were the days of what might be described as the 'Stormtrooper Max Era,' when the German cinema world was made up of the marching feet, stern Nordic scowls and waving banners of the Nazi conquerors, and the panic-stricken scurryings, low and scruffy machinations and ignominious defeats of the Evil System.

This commendable exuberance was soon checked when its results on receipts became visible. It must be remembered that Germany's films bring in an appreciable amount of the much desired foreign exchange, and are furthermore a valuable way of paying off the blocked credits which such countries as Hungary and Yugoslavia have frozen in Germany. Germany is no less loath than any other Power to sacrifice her vaunted ideals

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and theories when political or economic interest is to be served.

Germany has copied America's favorite trick for increasing the popularity of her films abroad, that is, by offering foreign stars attractive contracts to make films in Germany. The name of the famous Swedish actress Zarah Leander is sufficient to draw large crowds to the cinema, not only throughout Scandinavia, but in the Baltic and even to some extent in the Balkan countries. For some years now she has been making films in Germany. The second highly successful method is to place the scene of the films in one of the desired markets and to make the heroes, for example, Spaniards or Hungarians, and to place them and their national culture in a very favorable light. Germany is even more scrupulously careful in the choice of nationality for her villains than the lords of Hollywood. A large number of them seem to come from vaguely identified islands off the coast of South America, and the remainder are for the most part Russians, either the smoothly cynical type of the pre-War era, or the hairy rascally Bolshies.

III

So much for the feature films. The short cultural or informative films are very popular in Europe, and in many countries such as Germany and Estonia their inclusion in every program is made compulsory. It is in this field that even the smallest of States make some effort at production, and in this field only that the English film has any reputation at all on the Continent, and where the American film has a small market. These films hardly ever come under the ban of any of the various forms of censorship already discussed, and they are, moreover, a most potent means of indirect propaganda, in that by implication they all pay tribute to the scenic beauty, scientific achievement or the social progress of the land making and exporting them. Germany has exploited this aspect to the full, and her short films are particularly effective as tourist propaganda. One way in which she insures that they will be widely marketed is by the working of an exchange system with, shall we say, Estonia. The Estonians see the technically brilliant films portraying the glories of Dresden or the grandeur of the Bavarian Alps, and go to Germany for their holidays. Even if Germany exhibited the Estonian films she takes in exchange, there would, because of the currency restrictions, be no danger of German audiences making for the beauties of Tallinn on their holidays.

The third type of film, and the one which often makes the most effective direct propaganda of all, is the news-reel, and over this an open battle is being fought in all countries in Europe. Although the reputation of infallibility which the printed word enjoyed is declining, the majority of people still believe that the camera cannot lie, especially when it is depicting actual events. The news-reels of every country in Europe nowadays are made with predominant regard to their value as propaganda. There are two main ways in which their distribution can be achieved. Firstly, the whole news-reel will, so to speak, be supplied neat to cinema owners either favorably disposed toward, or in the pay, or under the control of the foreign Government concerned. (Also German

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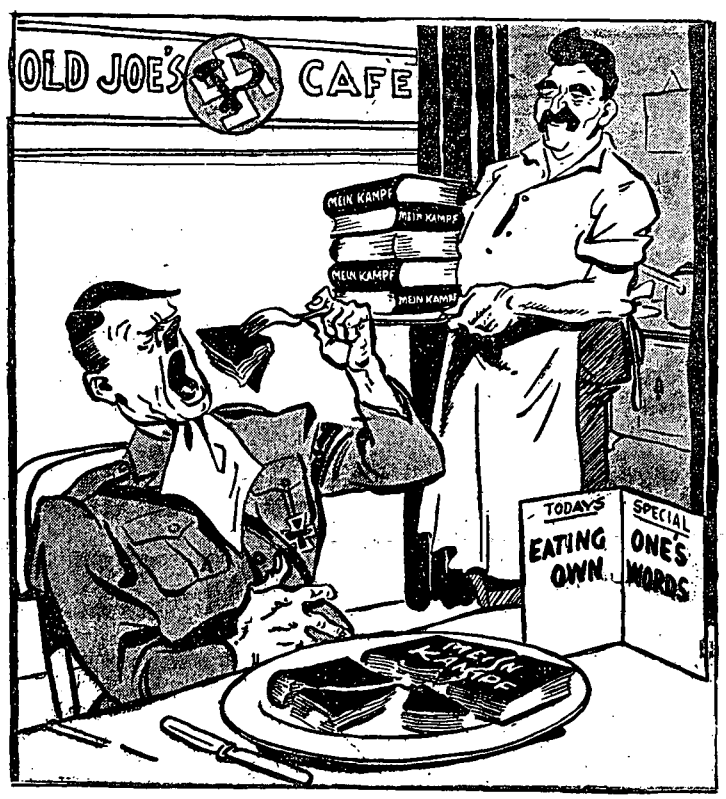
Companies such as UFA themselves own cinemas abroad, like that palatial building that must be known to every visitor to Amsterdam.) Secondly, news-shots of particular events will be supplied either free or at an entirely nominal price to distributive film companies in the smaller lands, who will incorporate these shots in their news-reels and thus even further increase their propaganda value in that their country of origin is not given and that they appear under the local trade mark. Although the increase in the propaganda content of British news-reels has been obvious for some time, the commercial companies concerned still prefer to devote most of their footage to the most distressing trivialities such as the wedding of an earl's second cousin in a country vicarage, or a competition for the shapeliest ankles in Brighton. The effect of this on foreign audiences, particularly those well-disposed towards England, can easily be imagined.



—The *Argus*, Melbourne

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

THE action of the American Labor Party in denouncing the Communists of the United States as 'betrayers of the labor movement, antagonists of democracy and protagonists of dictatorship' can be laid to the shock of the Nazi-Soviet pact. The denunciation goes a bit too far, for the Communists have done some useful educational work among the unions, but by and large they deserve every censure that will fall upon their heads. The sooner their remaining influence is destroyed the better will it be for American workers and for the country as a whole. No restraining action by the Federal government, as recommended by some Congressmen, is needed or desired, for that runs counter to our political traditions. The Communist Party will die of itself.

A far more important problem hangs over American liberal-radicals: how best to organize their forces for progressive action consonant with democratic principles. The Socialist Party, whose general record under the leadership of Norman Thomas commands respect, seems to be lax in its efforts to round up the men and women who have been disillusioned by the Communist treachery. These men and women number hundreds of thousands. The few Trotskyites seem to have their eyes more on the evils of Stalin than on the travails of America, and about the same may be said about the Lovestonites and other minority radical groups.

The time therefore appears ripe for the formation of a genuine American liberal movement, based upon the ideas of the elder Senator La Follette, Senator George W. Norris, Oswald Garrison Villard, former Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis, and other men, both dead and living, of the same general attitude. The fine spiritual frenzy of Edward Bellamy might well be drawn upon, and also the noble humanitarianism of Eugene V. Debs.

Both Bellamy and Debs belong to the political marrow of this nation, and together with the elder La Follette, they showed that the working people and liberals of America desire some form of dynamic union. It must not be forgotten that Senator La Follette polled 5,000,000 votes when he ran for President in 1924, and Debs polled 1,000,000 votes when he ran for President in 1920.

PERHAPS organized labor could now, for the first time, be made to take an active political interest in a genuine democratic, liberal movement. The rank and file of both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. seem to be tired of the senseless wrangling of their leaderships and to yearn for an honest set of principles around which all workers could rally. These 6,000,000 unsatisfied members of both labor camps might well form the nucleus of a powerful force for progress. They have learned the folly of pure and simple unionism, and they have been revolted by the selfish aspirations of their chieftains. Intelligent members of the Republican and Democratic parties will wish them well, for they realize the need of a stronger Opposition in the halls of Congress than has been there for years.

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MEN of the cloth and the learned of the nation are beginning to repeat their follies of 1914–1917. Already they speak of the 'community of spiritual interest' between the United States and the Allied Powers. Only the other day Bishop William T. Manning of New York said: 'There are situations in which it is not only justifiable but our bounden duty to use force for the repression of crime and for the restraint of the wrong-doer. . . . The Christian religion stands not for peace at any price but for righteousness at any cost.' Presidents Charles Seymour of Yale and James Bryant Conant of Harvard have expressed opinions of a similar, though not so belligerent, tone.

Such men disgraced themselves and the nation sufficiently during the World War for simple, not so well educated Americans to be wary of their counsel. The First President of the Republic, in his address to the American people in 1796, spoke the only sense worth listening to these days:—

> Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence . . . the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. . . . The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. . . .
>
> Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.
>
> Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation. . . .
>
> Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

THIS statement by President Washington makes no reference to morals or religion, but to self-interest, thereby running counter to all the idealistic blatancy of some columnists and, in certain respects, of President Roosevelt himself. Mr. Walter Lippmann has indulged in these strange words: 'Our foreign policy is regulated finally by an attempt to neutralize the fact that America has preponderant power and decisive influence in the affairs of the world. . . . We cling to the mentality of a little nation on the frontiers of a civilized world, though we have the opportunity, the power, and the responsibilities of a very great nation at the center of the civilized world.' And President Roosevelt has thrown out broad hints that 'storms from abroad' challenge 'three institutions indispensable to Americans. The first is religion. It is the source of the other

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two—democracy and international good faith.'

Dr. Charles A. Beard deals effectively with such ideas in his excellent book, *Giddy Minds and Foreign Quarrels*, which should be read by every American of voting age. The United States has no business serving as the policeman of the globe. If it is our duty to save Christianity in Europe, then so is it our duty to save Christianity in Asia and Africa, and only an extreme fanatic would claim that. Our business is to mind our own business, and so to solidify democracy here that 'storms from abroad' will beat against our shores in vain. The hard words of George Washington carry more wisdom than the idealistic words of Walter Lippmann.

THE upsurge of bogus idealism in certain colleges, churches and newspaper columns has brought about a feeling that this is no time to indulge in sharp criticism of the administration, that we should 'stand behind the President.' Mr. Roosevelt himself has declared a state of limited emergency, though for what reason cannot be fully understood. The nation is in no state of emergency. Our business with Europe, in peaceful times, is so small a part of our entire international trade that should we lose it all, we would suffer infinitesimally. No one has attacked us. No one will attack us. There is no reason why life here should not go on as heretofore. There is no reason why the democratic process should not remain intact, why criticism should not flourish as always. If anything, true patriots should make sure that the right to object is freer now than before, lest foreign influences, both of the Allied and Central Powers, gain the upper hand. The furious debate now taking place in the Senate over the neutrality and other bills is one of the healthiest phenomena conceivable in a democracy.

THE National Manufacturers Association, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Bankers Association, the American Legion have quietly been making history in this country. They have all come out against our being drawn into the European war. Business men have come to realize that huge, quick profits in war time turn into huge, quick losses immediately after war, and that, besides, credits to belligerents often turn out to be unpaid debts and bring upon us the moral denunciation of our debtors. Our former Allies, in the main, have repaid our loans to them by calling us Shylocks—while at the same time increasing their armaments.

The Republican Party, which for long has prided itself as the spokesman of business, has taken a hint by coming out vigorously for absolute isolation—which forms a happy contrast to the same Republican Party's stand in 1914–1917, when it pleaded for American intervention. The late Senators Henry Cabot Lodge and Albert Beveridge are probably turning in their graves over what Republican chieftains are saying these days—unless, of course, the war-mongering Senators have learned something during their long soujourn among the blessed.

In this same connection one must also not lose sight of the fact that not all ministers of the gospel think like Bishop William T. Manning. The

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Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, minister of Riverside Church, popularly known as Mr. Rockefeller's church, spoke for a very large element in the ministry when he said:

> We Christians have no business to idealize this war as a holy crusade. The last war did not settle a single basic problem in international relations. This war, like every other war, will create more problems than it will solve. . . . If America really wants to help the world most she will not join herself to that dilapidated wreckage of the nations, but will prepare herself, when peace-making comes, to be still free, her house in order, her resources unimpaired, aligned with kindred neutrals, ready to throw the influence of a great nation on the side of a peace that can last.

THE American Federation of Labor at its recent convention in Cincinnati heard a vigorous denunciation of the New Deal, because 'the C.I.O. is the darling of the national administration,' while in San Francisco, where the C.I.O. met, members of the organization found fault with the National Labor Board's recent decisions —the very same board which the A.F. of L. claims to be a friend of the C.I.O. Such contradictions make little sense in themselves, but organized labor's apparent enmity to the New Deal, at present, makes even less sense.

Labor has probably never had a better friend in the White House than the man now occupying it. By and large, considering all circumstances, both national and personal, Mr. Roosevelt brought a greater feeling of community of interest to working men and women than any other President. He has made mistakes aplenty of omission, commission and confusion. Belonging to no radical party, he has followed no theoretical line. Occupying a position where careful compromise is the essence of strength, he has pulled punches and also hit harder on occasion than was—in the light of hindsight—necessary. But he has also given labor a new feeling of solidarity and a sense that its grievances found a sympathetic ear in places of power. Further, he has given the humble some assurance that illness and old age will not throw them completely into despair. The Social Security Act, with all its faults, forms a milestone in our annals. In time it will enrich our democracy as few other laws have. Wise men in the labor movement, with an understanding of our past and a knowledge of the pace of the historical crawl, should make sure that workers, in their factional quarrels, do not forget these facts. Statesmen, like private individuals, work better when appreciated.

—C. A.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Publishing and the War

By Geoffrey Faber

From the *Spectator*, London

Few of those who carried on as publishers during the last war are still alive and publishing; and it is strange how little they have to tell their fellow-publishers about the conditions which lie ahead of us today. If these conditions resembled the conditions which developed between 1914 and 1918, then the publishing world would have reason to expect, after the first stage of readjustment, something in the nature of a boom—an experience which it has not enjoyed for years. War encourages reading. Both to the fighting forces and to civilians it brings long hours of boredom and anxiety, which books alleviate as nothing else can. It intensifies emotions, makes men more receptive to the things of the mind, more willing to think and to feel, at the same time as it puts them in greater need of distraction and amusement. It is safe to say that in 1939 these factors will not be less powerful than in 1914; on the contrary, restrictions placed upon public entertainments and public movement must enormously strengthen them.

But there are other factors—partly known, mainly unknown—which may make it difficult for publishers to make the most of the great opportunity which confronts them. The most obvious of these comes under the label of 'distribution.' Huge readjustments of population are bound, at least for a time, to upset the normal channels of supply. Perhaps the effect will be less than might be expected, because a very large proportion of the evacuated population is not given to reading. Yet some effect there must be. Moreover, the shift from the evacuated to the neutral and receiving areas must put a continuing strain upon the whole transport-system of the country; which must be largely reorganized for the distribution of vital necessities.

All this will, no doubt, clear itself up in no very long time, provided that transport is not progressively restricted, and not hindered by the effects of aerial bombardment. Damage to the railways and to the main roads might very easily make the distribution of books extremely difficult. By far the greater part of book-buying, as between the bookselling and the publishing halves of the book trade, is done in London, and must, almost certainly, continue to be done in London. The problem of distribution is, therefore, a problem of first importance.

Next comes the question of manufacture. This, for publishers, depends mainly on their ability to obtain paper, on the ability of printing-houses up and down the country to staff their machines, on the ability of bookbinders up and down the country to obtain cloth and boards, and on the maintenance of communication by road and rail between papermills, printers, binders and publishers. A paper control has already been set up by the Ministry of Supply, and the most urgent representations have been made to the authorities on behalf of the Publishers' Association to safeguard as far as possible the supplies of paper for books. There are good grounds for hoping that the paramount importance, for the public morale, of maintaining an adequate flow of new books, including fiction, is understood in official quarters.

To the technical problems of distribution and manufacture must be added others of a less immediately obvious kind. The first of these concerns the great difficulties which many, if not all, publishing-houses will experience in keeping a sufficient and sufficiently experienced staff.

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Book-publishing is a far more exacting business than most people realize. Every book needs meticulous and intelligent attention at each stage of its development from manuscript to volume form. Apart from this, it has often to be edited at one end, always to be publicized at the other. Again, the mere business of keeping, handling, packing and despatching a multi-form and continuously changing stock, in a publishing house of any size, calls for a considerable and experienced staff. If anything like an adequate output of books is to be maintained, an adequate staff is essential.

The other 'less obvious' consideration is one impossible to assess. Paper, print and publishers are all useless, if the books are not written. For the last year shrewd observers on the backstairs of the book world have been noting a progressive decline in the quantity and quality of worthwhile manuscripts. The reason is easy to see. Ever since Munich the atmosphere of Europe has grown more and more unfavorable to creative literary work. A time of recurring crises, with intervals of heightening tension and a growing fear lest civilization may have been fatally betrayed by the democracies—such a time dries up the wells of imaginative thought. 'How can I write with the world in this state?' is a cry I have heard more than once in the last few months.

Now that the decision has been taken to fight, and the nation has resolved to end the new barbarism in Europe, there should be a lifting of this deadweight from the minds of writers. But other influences may take its place. The effects of A.R.P. are depressing enough to ordinary people; to many authors they will be disastrous, unless they live in the less vulnerable parts of the country. And there is a more insidious danger than this. The type of mind which expresses itself in literature is apt to be more than ordinarily conscious of the pressure of events and opinion. It is also apt, at times, to despise its own nature; to crave for the plain job of the plain man. In a prolonged modern war, with the whole community tightly organized for a collective struggle, a writer will need an uncommon resolution and an uncommon conviction that authorship is his proper and most valuable form of service, if he is to prevent himself from being used by the unintelligent will of the herd, or of the bureaucracy, for tasks better performed by others.

It is needless for me to defend the values of literature. Those values rise to their highest point in a war undertaken in order to save the world from barbarism. The function of the author, at such a time, becomes infinitely more important than at any other. That is not to say that literature, in war, should consist of nothing but noble sentiments. Literature—as I have argued before, in resisting the demand for a censorship—has to be taken as a whole, as the one means which the nation or the race has of 'thinking aloud.' It must express all moods, and appeal to all needs. It lives by freedom—by the very freedom for which we are now to fight. May some such conception as this unite our writers and give them, each in his own particular kind, the courage and the gaiety which the country will look to them to exhibit.

I have said little about the plans which publishers have made, for there is little to be said. Some offices have moved, in whole or in part, from London, but there has been no general migration. It would seem that, for the present at least and so long as possible, the publishing trade will remain concentrated in or close to London. It will continue to operate to the maximum of its capacity. So far as the autumn season is concerned, there will be no shortage of new books, though there will naturally be a considerable reduction of output. To look farther ahead is difficult; but most publishers are no doubt doing as my own firm is doing—planning to maintain as nearly as possible a normal output. It is too early yet to say whether costs will rise to such a height that the

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prices of books will have to be increased. I trust not. It is the policy of the Government to prevent a rise in prices; though the high cost of compulsory insurance of saleable goods against war risks, if it is applied to books, can only be met by a surcharge related to published prices.

As for the type of new book which is most likely to be in demand, and therefore most likely to be published, I do not myself anticipate any very startling changes. It would not surprise me if the demand for crime stories decreased; imaginary violence loses its attraction in the presence of real violence. Books about the war and the future reconstruction of the world are likely to have a vogue. Poetry may receive a new stimulus. Fiction of all kinds should begin to see better days. I should expect that any book which is born of honest and serious thinking will be more willingly read than in peace-time. And there is certainly a huge public waiting for the first new writer who can catch the note of humor, which is the natural reaction of our race to danger.

The Detective Novel

By Denis Marion

Translated from *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris

LITERARY production, like any other form of production, is regulated by the law of supply and demand. The demand for the *roman policier*, a detective novel, or mystery story, has never been greater. But, although the French publishers of detective novels are still dipping into the Anglo-Saxon sources, they are no longer allowed to limit themselves to these sources exclusively. The French public is tired of being constantly transplanted to London or Chicago. They are tired of hearing about British judges and American gangsters, of plowing through a penal procedure with which they are not familiar. They would prefer a native product. Up to now, however, nobody has been able to take the place of Emile Gaboriau, Maurice Leblanc or Gaston Lerroux—who, it must be said, are novelists of an entirely different calibre from Conan Doyle and all his imitators.

In answer to this need, an interminable series of labored compositions have been put out, whose plots have been unimaginative and stereotyped. There is Noël Vindry who writes complicated mysteries without any attempt to make them plausible to even a little more exigent reader. And what about Roger Francis Didelot whose hero, Samson Clairval, apes Arsène Lupin without possessing one single virtue of his prototype? Altogether, the authors have been using the easiest recipes, certain that they are bound to please, and without giving much thought to artistic considerations.

The detective novel in France today can be summarized in two names: Georges Simenon and Pierre Very. The first stopped writing mystery stories a few years ago. The Maigret series, which are being constantly reëdited, lack the most fundamental requisites of the detective novel. The hero-detective has no romantic attraction. He is neither strong, nor seductive, nor ingenious. This *bonhomme*, the faithful husband of Madame Maigret, who has been acquiring a paunch with passing years, smokes his pipe with animated good-nature, limiting himself to ambiguous interjections until the guilty man is discovered purely by chance, or decides to confess everything of his own accord. The author does not try to arrange prodigious mystery and does not bother to send his reader off on a wild goose chase by means of skillfully placed false clues. But his talent for building an authentic atmosphere overweighs all his imperfections. Most of the other detective novels take place in unreal, almost abstract surroundings. Maigret takes us to the *bistros* in which the owner is more preoccupied by his connubial worries than by his clientele, to the garages where a lively conversation deals with the comparative

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prices of automobiles, to two-room apartments rented at so much per month: the sinister events that take place in such real, commonplace surroundings cannot help but seem quite real.

Pierre Very, who, most unjustly, has not yet achieved Simenon's fame, uses an entirely different technique. He, too, does not take any pains to create and solve an enigma according to classical methods (except when, in his *Quatre Vipères*, he tackles the problem of 'a hermetically closed room,' that legendary puzzle that first appeared in Herodotus's Second Book, and to which Gaston Lerroux gave the most ingenious solution). Very, who, incidentally, is also a poet of some renown, uses the mystery as a basis for transforming an ordinary everyday life into a magic adventure. The murderer, the victim and the detective are a part of a fantastic saraband.

But the true fans of the detective novel, those who care only about the mystery itself and who are concerned only with the solution arrived at by a rigorous process of reasoning, ought to resort to translations of Anglo-Saxon authors. These readers actually look forward to seeing the traditional corpse appearing on the first page; they don't mind plowing through the stereotyped police reports whose aim is to distribute suspicion equitably among all the characters. Nothing can discourage them. Agatha Christie, in her last books, has not even taken the pains to create the problems and to propose an ingenious solution, and has instead perfunctorily resorted to melodramatic climaxes. Hercule Poirot still plaits his mustaches with his former gusto but, alas, his gray cells do not function at all. This lack of proportion between the capacities of which a detective boasts and his actual efficient activity dates back to Edgar Allan Poe. In his *Murders in the Rue Morgue* Dupin, after reasoning for an hour in order to establish that the murderer was an ape, produces, as it were from his sleeve, a bunch of hairs found in the fingers of the victim—a clue whose presence does away with all need for deduction.

There have been definite attempts to emphasize intellectual speculation at the expense of a grosser kind of activity, such as the chase, gunplay, etc. Dennis Wheatley and J. G. Links have actually gone so far as to give the readers not only what amounts to a transcript of the investigation but actual exhibits. Instead of a book, you buy a *dossier* which contains the stenographic reports of the interrogation, photographs of places and people, signed letters, pieces of fabric spotted with blood, hairs, cigarette ashes, fingerprints, etc. It is up to you to guess the name of the guilty man, which is found in an appended envelope. The idea so far has fared better in theory than in practice. Rex Stout has taken a less radical step in the direction of the purely speculative detective story. He has made his detective a preternaturally fat man, incapable of moving about. But he, too, does not dare to carry his idea out to its logical conclusion. Assistants, slim and agile, take the place of the detective's arms and legs and the suspects pay visits to him with a strange complacence, thus enabling him to exercise his profession as easily as his less handicapped colleagues.

Other writers ignore the whole conflict between speculation and action. Their solution is not arrived at by a particularly brilliant mind or indefatigable activity. The principal quality of their detective is sheer obstinacy: by dint of doggedly following all the false clues to the end, he falls on the right clue. The books of Mignon Eberhart are constructed on this formula. American novelists, under the obvious influence of Dashiell Hammett, have deliberately emphasized the detection part of the novel. Thus Stanley Gardner has created a typical American lawyer who is not content with building up his client's defense by means of study and reflection, but actually goes to unconventional lengths, procuring false witness-

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es, planting misleading clues for the police—doing anything to get the acquittal of his really innocent client. Basic honesty, incorruptibility and a certain flair as well as an attraction for women have made of Perry Mason a character singularly analogous to that of Arsène Lupin.

But so far the most fascinating attempt made to renovate the detective story consists in assigning a much more important rôle to psychology. The writers have learned that the discovery of a criminal would be a much more exciting game if they used, instead of the conventional puppets, mechanically going through traditional gestures, real living characters taken from real life, having a plausible background, original traits and reflexes. Then, instead of trying to find out whether the guilty man is number 3 or number 6 on the list of suspects, one speculates on why and how an individual who has become a living familiar character has committed a given murder. F. W. Crofts, who has done so much to put the detective novel into more credible surroundings, and who has regained for it in plausibility what it might have lost in exotic mystery, uses this procedure very often. The principal attraction of Dorothy Sayers's novels is still the depiction of the *milieu* and the individuals that move in it. Her works, besides, have a quality to which so many authors of the mystery novel aspire in vain: that of humor.

It is, however, Anthony Berkeley who is the best exponent of the new tendency. His *Judicial Error* is a true *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind. Discarding all tradition, he describes the paradoxical struggle carried on between the police and a man who wants himself to be considered guilty for a crime that someone else had committed. An inextricable mixture of false and true clues confound the most perspicacious reader.

As a matter of fact, unless many of our 'serious' writers take half the pains to dress up their work that Anthony Berkeley has to create his delicate mechanism, they will be unjustified in their complaints over the general trend toward that despised literary genre, detective novel.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Air-Raid Aberrations

The air-raid siren has inspired a new fashion for women.

It is called the 'Siren Suit.' Step into it, zip the zipper, and you are clad in something that beats even the Navy for smartness.

Slacks and tunic combine to make the super boiler suit. It is ideal for chilly nights, when you have to leap out of bed and go to an out-of-doors shelter.

It takes less time to put on than a gas mask, and is made of thick woolly material like a smooth bouclé.

A big Strand store is already selling the suits. 'When the war is over,' the assistant said to me, 'they'll be grand for gardening or house suits.'

—Fashion column in the *Daily Herald*, London

Tipperary—1939 Style

We're going to hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line!
Have you any dirty washing, mother dear?
We're going to hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line!
'Cos washing day is here.
Whether the weather's wet or fine,
We'll rub along without a care.
We're going to hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line
If the Siegfried Line's still there!

—by Jimmy Kennedy and Michael Carr, anti-aircraft gunners

Hitler Slump

Here is a piece of news I picked up in a broadcast in German from Paris. In common with other municipal institutions in a Saar town the lunatic asylum was evacuated. Prior to France entering the war 34 inmates declared themselves to be Hitler.

On evacuation only 12 still claimed this 'distinction.'

—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

Those Happy Totalitarians

But, happily, Parliament is on holiday and the Ministers can take their own course without having to submit to public sniping at the 'question hour.'

—Editorial in the *Montreal Star*, discussing the political situation in Britain

No Autographs!

Sacha Guitry was dining in a hotel with his latest wife when he noticed two young ladies seated at another table staring at him. After a while, the younger one sent him a note requesting his autograph. The incomparable Sacha, who is something of a wit, returned the card with the inscription: 'I am sorry, but I never give autographs,' signed with his name. The young lady read the note, turned red with indignation, cried out: 'I don't think you are nice at all,' and tore the card to pieces.

—*Paris-Soir*

With German Efficiency

When Herr von Ribbentrop landed at the Moscow airdrome to negotiate the Russian-German Pact he received a greeting such as Communist Russia reserves only for its warmest friends and admirers. The red carpet, the gay red hammers and sickles and the rest of the usual bunting were all much in evidence. Minor puzzle was where the Swastika flags came from. Report has it that they were loaned by the State Theatre which uses them (or used to use them) for anti-Nazi dramas.

—*Japan Chronicle*, Kobe

British Americanese

The Man in the Iron Mask (playing at Odeon, Leicester Square). It seems there used to be a king called Louis XIV, with a twin brother and a muscle-man called Fouquet, and this king has a sweet racket. He taxes citizens who will pay and hangs those who hold out on him, and when he can't think of anything more to tax or anybody to hang, Fouquet generally can.

One day Louis picks himself a swell Spanish brunette called Maria Theresa, and is having a lot of fun with a swell French blonde called Louise de la Vallière on the side, when who should turn up but his twin brother.

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Naturally, the brother, seeing Louis's racket, starts to muscle in. First the King sticks his brother in an iron mask, and then the brother sticks the mask on him, until he starts complaining about his beard strangling him, which, is you ask me, is just his fancy.

Anyway, Louis breaks out of the Big House just in time to hear his brother is marrying his girl. Fouquet pulls a gun in the cathedral but croaks Louise de la Vallière by mistake, and D'Artagnan and his three gunmen are all knocked off before Louis gets what's coming to him and the twin gets the doll.

—From a film review section in *Daily Herald*, London

Chanson Gai

M. Bonnet, hitherto Foreign Minister, becomes Minister of Justice.

(Paris dispatch.)

My Bonnet has now got promotion,
My Bonnet from worries is free.
(Inskip! Cher grand cœur! Quelle émotion!)—
Don't send back my Bonnet to me.

Sagittarius contributes the following gem:

Now Bonnet is out in the alley,
Now Bonnet is where he should be,
And France is not singing of Bonnet
'O bring back my Bonnet to me!'

—Critic

All Quiet . . .

One of the R.A.F. pilots dropping leaflets over Germany returned to headquarters four hours after he was due. His Commanding Officer asked him why. 'Well, sir,' he answered, 'all was so quiet that I went down and pushed them under doors.'

—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

Polonaise

The Ogpu and the Gestapo
Were prancing arm-in-arm,
It hurt them bitterly to see
The general alarm;
'You'd almost think,' they cried, 'we lacked
Both savoir-faire and charm!'

—*News Chronicle*, London

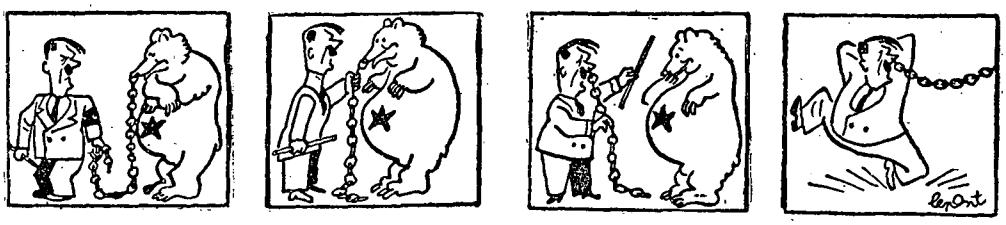
Camouflage

They were telling me of the man who, having finished his dug-out in the garden, started to cover it with luminous paint.

'Why, the Germans will see it!' said a friend.

'It's camouflage,' he replied. 'It's to kid them. They'll think we're inside and bomb it, when all the time we shall be safe inside the house!'

—Hannen Swaffer



Le Rire, Paris

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Moloch versus Mars

THE DEFENCE OF BRITAIN. *By Liddell Hart. New York: Random House. 1939. 444 pages. $3.50.*

HOW STRONG IS BRITAIN? *By C. E. Count Pückler. New York: Veritas Press. 1939. 239 pages. $2.50.*

THESE two books ought to be read together—not, as one might imagine, to supply correction to each other, but to furnish mutual annotations. It is true that Count Pückler believes Britain almost invincible in a strictly military sense, but thinks there are cracks in the economic and social structure on which military effort is supported, while Liddell Hart finds serious flaws in the defense set-up, but at least infers that the Empire is perfectly capable of supporting any military effort it may choose to make. But they are really dealing with different orders of ideas, which come into contact only at the points now submitted to the arbitrament of arms.

For Pückler's is the official Nazi point of view, somewhat embarrassingly revealed. The British Empire, he contends, has attained unusual physical comforts for its people by living not only beyond its own means, but also beyond the means of the world. Its industrial strength is based on a balance of trade which brings in more, in terms of absolute value, than it sends out. Its financial strength is based on constantly increasing investments abroad; its vast shipping industry on doing errands for others at ruinous prices. It is in fact a system of economic brigandage—which has begun to break down as the result of a saturated money market, industry that fails to meet the competition of more modern organisms, and . . .

And at this point Pückler suddenly becomes mystical, adding as the final disruptive factor the competition of the Nazi economic system. He says it is specially adapted to the nations England has so long economically dominated, but without telling how; and that it is finding increased favor among them, but without pronouncing why. At all events, the point toward which he is driving is this: England, by maintaining an excessive standard of living, by maintaining both expensive social services and costly armaments in a contracting world, is living off capital. In peace she must lower the standard of living or abandon her imperial pretensions. A long war will merely hasten her ruin.

It is at this point that the Nazi crosses trails with the Englishman. Liddell Hart, whose views have wide acceptance among the military men of his own country, offers the thesis that England will be ruined by any war but a long one—a 'super-guerilla war' in which the British Navy firmly holds the sea, an augmented British air defense clears the skies of the home islands, while on the Continent the Allied lines are made tight against attack. The defensive power of modern weapons, he declares, is such as to render military offensives ruinous to the Power that undertakes them. Britain is in the happy position of being able to outlast any enemy at the game of sitting still and forcing the enemy to assault or die—and he wanders off into the details of how the British army should be organized for such a policy.

Thus the theorists, whose doctrines are now being submitted to the most violent of all tests. It is perhaps worth observing that the Briton talks about defense against a kind of attack the German does not consider delivering, and that each arrives at a conviction of national invincibility without once contradicting what the other says.

—FLETCHER PRATT

Our Living Past

THE HERITAGE OF AMERICA. *Edited by Henry Steele Commanger and Allan Nevins. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1939. 1152 pages. $4.00.*

NEARLY twenty-five years ago, when Van Wyck Brooks's *America's Coming of Age* made its quiet but historic appearance in the bookshops, knowledge of our heritage constituted, in various quarters, a mark of provincialism. Wide-awake people, the legend then ran in intellectual circles, found more of real significance for mankind in the life and times of this or that prince of the House of Orange, or in the vicissitudes of almost any royal lady

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of joy on the European continent. America seemed like small stuff, as Boise, Idaho, seems to contemporary New Yorkers. The universities and colleges of the land fostered this belief. They offered few courses in our own history and culture, and consigned to them professors who had difficulty in commanding the respect of their students.

Events on the Continent have changed all this. The aftermath of the World War brought us all to the realization that the Allied and Central Powers have for long engaged in struggles of little meaning to anybody, including themselves, that they practiced a form of communal living far inferior to ours, and that their idealism was of sham all compounded. The Russian Revolution revived some of our former interest in the affairs of Europe, but soon the hopes of Leninism gave way to the despairs of Stalinism, which, in a few years, went to bed with Hitlerism. The shock of this last development has brought the entire liberal-radical world in this country back upon the traditions of our own land. More people preach Americanism today than ever before, and more people of a different kind than previously. But few really know what it means.

The travelers on the *Mayflower* did not merely run away from something. They brought over an idea, which all these years has been unfolding itself to the greater satisfaction of an increasing number of men and women. The idea embraces two concepts: the supreme dignity of the individual and the absolute assurance that that dignity can best be safeguarded in a democratic society. The annals of America can be properly understood only in the light of these two concepts. On occasion, national fraud, chicanery and self-seeking have detoured the historic flow of these concepts, but always they have had to give way.

The new and excellent compilation by Messrs. Commanger and Nevins brings this out very clearly. Arranged, in the main, chronologically, and including 252 selections from writings of classic importance, it gives as good a picture of our history as can be obtained anywhere in the same space. All the dread, ecstasy, turmoil, hope, achievements, agony and beauty of our nation's three hundred years of striving are indicated here, and in prose and poetry that often reach magnificence. Our great battles, on the field, in the legislative assemblies and in artists' workshops, have brought forth much eloquence, both resounding and mellifluous.

One hopes that more books of this kind will soon appear, for Messrs. Commanger and Nevins naturally could not take in everything. Future compilers might well include a greater number of the nation's literary efforts, for frequently they tell more than mere chronicles.

—Charles Angoff

Inside Looking In

After Seven Years. *By Raymond Moley. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.*

MR. MOLEY of Morningside Heights has done the public a considerable service in his devastating report on the inner convolutions of the New Deal, and the sometimes unpredictable convolutions of Mr. Roosevelt's mind. It is not only a service in that it discloses with considerable skill the forces at play in the 'science' of government, or of one particular administration, and is thus educational in effect; it is a service also because of its humor, its unforced irony, its occasional revelations of appalling frailties in high places as well as of unexpected strength among New Deal personalities, past and present. Mr. Moley, it is well to remember in reading his highly seasoned dissertation, is one of those personalities belonging to Mr. Roosevelt's 'past.'

This reviewer is aware that, by and large, the newspaper criticism of this absorbing mixture of backstairs gossip, undoubted truth and self-justification has been that Mr. Moley decided to tell all because of disgruntlement over his cavalier treatment by the White House and by those he considers Democratic Party ingrates; to this conclusion is often added the observation that, whatever may have been Mr. Moley's real motive in publishing these fascinating memoirs at this time, his charges possess sufficient truth to shorten Mr. Roosevelt's stature by a good bit. Mr. Arthur Krock of the *New York Times*, mindful of the 1940 campaign, has not hesitated to write that Mr. Moley's criticism 'must be answered or it will progressively damage the President and his Administration.' (*After Seven Years* was serialized before book publication in the *Saturday Evening Post* which is, of course, unfriendly to the New Deal, and doubtless was read by a sizeable and influential chunk of next year's electorate.) On the liberal side of the political

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fence (the *Nation*, for example), the reaction has been, in so many words, that even if one-eighth of Mr. Moley's observations and caterwaulings are reasonable and justifiable, nevertheless they are unfair, Mr. Roosevelt is still a statesman of fundamentally liberal concepts and, finally, he is well rid of his ghost, amanuensis and *deus ex machina*.

All this may very well be true. Mr. Moley may be guilty of poor taste, in the public mind, he may have an exaggerated estimate of his importance, and also Mr. Roosevelt may have stumbled catastrophically at times. But essentially all such critical conclusions are idiotic in the face of a work of this unprecedented character. The only relevant conclusion to draw is that this is the way to write history, this the ideal technique. In this volume, even when self-evident caricature intervenes, Mr. Roosevelt is very much alive and kicking, a thoroughly plausible figure as are many of his Cabinet and other intimates drawn to life by Mr. Moley. The machinery of White House and Congressional strategy is expressed in terms as forthright as a pair of old shoes.

Presidential biographies, even when their subjects are alive, by some iron-bound conspiracy seem invariably to qualify as the dullest letters in America. After reading *After Seven Years*, the reader might compare Mr. Moley's method and style with the written labors of one of Mr. Hoover's Boswells, Professor William Starr Myers of Princeton, for instance, or even Will Irwin's papers on the Great Engineer or, for that matter, the meticulous embalming given by Ray Stannard Baker to Mr. Wilson in the authorized biography.

The method employed by Mr. Moley is somehow suggestive of the rules of evidence obtaining in the French courts (the Columbia brain-truster, he tells us, had a Gallic grandfather). Here there is no evidence that is immaterial or irrelevant. Witnesses tell what they know, or think they know, first-, second- and third-hand. For example, the political views of the defendant's in-laws, living hundreds of miles from the place of crime, are of interest to the French Assizes. Trials are conducted on the Napoleonic and logical premise that the truth lies somewhere between hearsay and first-hand testimony. Everything is admitted. Bedroom *tête-à-têtes* are relevant, and Mr. Moley, incidentally, describes several such revealing interviews. He leaves out nothing, or at least very little, and the result is that the reader perceptive in any degree gets some true overtones of the complex character of the President and of a number of his past and present advisers, including the oracular author himself. But, admitting that characteristic indirectly, Mr. Moley disarms the reader with a grin, admitting he is more amused than impressed by his self-confessed omniscience.

Finally, Mr. Moley deserves hosannas for his frequent lapses—for one of the professorial fraternity—into first-rate writing. As a class, sociologists and economists are guilty of probably the most dismal and inexpert writing in the country. Mr. Roosevelt's leading ghost for five years knows all the fundamental tricks and the advanced devices of the craft of writing, which much of the time he is at pains to conceal in his wry editorials for *Newsweek*. His book is compulsory reading, whatever your affections or distaste for its subject.

—Lamar Middleton

Father of the Isotype

Modern Man in the Making. *By Otto Neurath. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 159 pages. $2.95.*

THE isotype method developed by Dr. Neurath in Vienna has become increasingly familiar to us in the United States in the past few years. The pictorial presentation of facts is popular with teachers, and even government publications are using it extensively. To tell a story in pictures is a good technique—when it is well done. In *Modern Man in the Making*, his presentation in words and pictures of the economic, social and political progress of man from early times to the present day, Dr. Neurath proves himself better—and worse—than his followers.

The secret of the success or failure of the method, it seems to me, is contained in a note by the inventor in the back of the book: 'The man who can leave things out most skillfully is the best teacher.' Where he has 'left things out,' where he gives us the explanation of one fact and one alone, his pictures are magnificent —the best I have ever seen. But where he presents a picture which is meant to explain several facts, then his method fails. Picture symbols have value only to the extent that they can be understood at a glance. When the reader has to work over them, then it would

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be more satisfactory to have the story in words or statistics.

This is not a picture book alone. Nor is it a book in which the pictures serve to illustrate the text. The two are blended together and must be read as one. Dr. Neurath's text is as excellent as his best pictures. He writes simply, clearly, and to the point. The book is immensely stimulating. The concepts are thought-provoking. On almost every page there is a new idea, or an old one in a new context. It is an ambitious undertaking—this attempt to trace the origin of modern man in the short space of 159 pages. That Dr. Neurath succeeds is a tribute to his scholarship in the fields of economics, sociology and history.

—Leo Huberman

Japan's First Family

The House of Mitsui. *By Oland D. Russell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1939. 328 pages. $4.00.*

THIS is the story of one of the oldest and most powerful families in the world—the Mitsuis of Japan, whose history goes back to the dim ages of mythology and is closely coupled with the rise of Japan to its present position of a mighty political and military power.

As Oland D. Russell points out, even today what the Mitsuis do is vital to the destiny of their Empire, for they control 15 per cent of all Japanese trade and commerce. Whereas France has Two Hundred Families and America has her sixty, Japan has only five—and the greatest of these is the House of Mitsui. They operate banks and mines, factories and shipping companies, and while Mitsui ships carry products of their industrial empire to all parts of the world, the family has commercial agents in every large capital to see that the cargoes are sold and the vessels return to their home ports with full holds.

The author, who, on his return to the United States from Japan, contributed an article to the November, 1938, issue of The Living Age, describing his experiences of traveling westward across Russia, has done a splendid job on a subject heretofore considered well-nigh impossible of approach. For the Mitsuis, unlike other financial princes of other lands, are patricians in their own right and thereby extremely aloof from those who wish to inquire into their private lives and fortunes. So it took an American newspaperman, following the tradition of others of his profession who have bucked and been rebuffed by the Morgans, Rockefellers, Fords and dime-store heiresses, to accomplish what no other journalist had done before. The result is that Mr. Russell, who opines that the Mitsuis probably look upon the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Vanderbilts, Rothschilds and du Ponts as upstarts, has produced a masterful book on an exceptionally interesting subject.

Tracing the lineage of the Mitsuis back to the Fujiwara clan—who, in turn claimed descent from the gods who created Japan—the author shows how this aristocratic family entered trade 300 years ago when, in 1638, Japan went into seclusion and forced the suspension of all foreign commerce. That period saw the feudal agricultural economy break down and give way to a mercantile economy more dependent on usury than upon a healthy development of domestic trade. This mercantile economy, in turn, says Russell, inaugurated an artificial capitalism that could not be maintained without opening the country. The period, however, was ideal for the founding of the Mitsui family fortune. The Mitsuis were then of the patrician, or warrior, caste, living in Ise Province. They had renounced the sword and were living upon what they had salvaged from their defeat at the hands of Oda Nobunaga, a feudal lord who had driven them from their home in Omi Province to the north. Thereupon Takayasu Mitsui, the head of the family, ordained that the clan take no further part in Japan's medieval civil wars, and it was his son, the bald, fat-faced Sokubei Mitsui, who launched the family on its commercial career.

At that time Omi Province was noted for its peddlers, a thrifty, energetic group with a reputation of wandering over the country. The Shogun invited them to Yedo (now Tokyo) to set up shop. Sokubei Mitsui, seeing that Ise was denuded of merchants and tradesmen, and seeing their rich establishments set up in Yedo, decided to abandon all rank and class and enter a commercial career. As a commoner, he said, he would brew *saké* (fermented rice wine) and *shoyu* sauce (made from fermented wheat and soy beans with salt and vinegar added) and thus reëstablish the low fortunes of the Mituis. And so one of the world's largest fortunes—the result of throwing away pride for self-respect—began.

The author traces the rise of the family in

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trade and finally in politics until they practically controlled one of the two major political parties in the 1930's, at which time resentment against their political manipulations grew so strong that several Mitsuis were assassinated.

When the present Baron Takakimi Mitsui, head of the main family of the eleven Mitsui branches, came into his inheritance as the eleventh direct descendant of Sokubei Mitsui, a crew of specially assigned accountants worked for more than a year delving into the billion-yen Mitsui interests to ascertain the 33-year-old Baron's inheritance tax. This they finally set at 21,500,000 yen (a yen was then worth 25 cents but in Japan is equivalent to a dollar). By special arrangement this was to be paid at the rate of 3,000,000 yen a year, or 8,400 yen a day—a little less per day than the yearly salary of the Premier of Japan.

The historical record of how this fabulous fortune was built up makes *The House of Mitsui* fascinating reading, not only because it is the story of an extraordinary family, but because it shows the equally amazing development of Japan over many centuries, from feudal days to the rise of that country to one of the greatest commercial nations on the face of the globe. And it was the Mitsuis who helped Japan to its front rank.

—Walker Matheson

Stevenson Twilight

Home from the Sea. *By Richard A. Bermann. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1939. 280 pages. $2.75.*

THE last two years of Tusitala, Teller of Tales, as the Samoans affectionately called Robert Louis Stevenson, are here poignantly described by the late Richard Bermann. The book is not strictly biography; but in the unfolding of sensitively evoked episodes drawn from the sick Stevenson's South Seas exile, the reader feels he comes to know more of the man than can be found in any of his books.

Lovingly, and sometimes sentimentally, the author brings Stevenson into focus, creating out of his life in Samoa a key to all that R.L.S. ever wrote that was of any importance. One remembers the playfulness of a *Child's Garden of Verses*, the whimsy of *Travels with a Donkey*, when he slips off to practice on his squeaky flageolet alone in the woods. The fortitude of *Aes Triplex*, the fiery compassion of his letter in defense of Father Damien come swiftly back to mind when he espouses the cause of Polynesian independence. *Kidnapped*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, *Treasure Island* and all the other books of windswept adventure reëcho tumultuously as Stevenson conceives of leading a revolution with his favorite Chief, Mataafa.

It is the whole of Stevenson within a certain depth of psychology. Pale, prankish and tragic; longing for his friends Colvin, Baxter and Henley in Europe; running from the dominating love of his wife Fanny; consorting with 'Aitu Fafine,' legendary wood-sprite; hunted by the phantom horseman of death, having one hemorrhage after another, he labors upon the gigantic, never to be finished, *Weir of Hermiston*—while always above him looms the ominous peak of Mount Vaea, where he will be buried in 1894 and where, twenty years later, his wife will join him in a grave beside his own.

Mr. Bermann has composed a zestful, a dark, dramatic lyric—which was Stevenson. He has, however, one misconception about his subject. He repeatedly refers to him as of the 'sceptical *fin de siècle* school.' Certainly Stevenson was contemporary with the Nineties. But hardly co-eval. Mr. Bermann's own naïveté prevents him from discerning the lack of sophistication in Stevenson. He loves Stevenson too well to see him always clearly.

But it is that love that is responsible for the fourteen years' work that went into the making of this book. And as a whole the book is a moving evocation of an artist who walked with his doom, brave as a child, saying,

Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

—Mario Collaci

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BOOKS ABROAD

Eternal France

Pleins Pouvoirs. *By Jean Giraudoux. Paris: Gallimard. 1939.*

(J. P. Mayer in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

JEAN GIRAUDOUX, diplomatist and author of a number of brilliant novels and plays, including *Amphitryon 38*, has just been appointed as head of the French office of propaganda corresponding to the department of information in this country which has recently been attached to the Foreign Office. Almost at the same time that M. Giraudoux became the colleague of Lord Perth, he published *Pleins Pouvoirs*, a book which states the problems France and the French have to face in the present world crisis with extraordinary lucidity and courage. M. Giraudoux discusses the means by which in his opinion France can keep her place among the first of the European nations. He is convinced that the French army is unbeatable, but what is more important, is that the French leave their 'destructive conservatism' far behind and envisage new ways of securing the 'eternal France.' M. Giraudoux does not give an account of French foreign policy during the last twenty-five years; moreover he is not interested in party politics. All this is mere *façade* for him. The fundamentals of French politics require a frank and illusionless analysis of the public spirit in France which is threatened by the rule of mediocrity.

M. Giraudoux starts with an examination of the French population problem. 'The security of the French in the present hour may be well assured by a military service of three or thirty years, but the future of France depends alone on the number and the quality of her inhabitants. . . .' In 1810 France represented 15.2 per cent of the total population in Europe, today she represents not more than 8.8 per cent. Without the energetic measures which, since M. Giraudoux has published his book, have been decreed by the Daladier Government, France would in 1985 have a birth rate not surpassing that of Belgium today. Of course, M. Giraudoux does not propose to imitate the Nazi racial policy which, as de Tocqueville already said when Gobineau published his famous book on the *Inequality of Races*, treats human beings like horses; he insists that a sound racial policy has already been advocated by Colbert and Richelieu. What M. Giraudoux urges is the inauguration of a population policy which does not result in a 'primitive type,' but in a 'moral and cultural one.'

In one chapter M. Giraudoux deals with French urbanization. 'The French citizen,' he writes, 'who has all civic and spiritual rights, has no urban rights at all.' He is forced to live in ugly and unhealthy towns, and the best he can hope is that the great monuments of the historic French architecture are not wilfully destroyed. M. Giraudoux sketches an outline of an urban *charte* by illustrating its necessity with profound remarks on the relationship of the French electorate with the inadequate administration of the State. Another essay deals with suggestions to create exemplary great national works. Again, what M. Giraudoux asks for is nothing less than a new program of such works, which ought to show splendor and imagination.

> A great work does not only provide occupation to more workers, it does not only engage material and capital, it requires the attention of the whole country, asks for its spiritual collaboration, creating hereby a temporary and passionate unity, and augments the qualities of the race.

France, concludes M. Giraudoux, has her definite share in the European civiliza-

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tion. But the Frenchman is now allowed to rely passively on a glorious past, he must actively work for the future if he wants to preserve his old and mature culture. 'The French civilization, like the Greek . . . has discovered the reason of the human being *within* the human being.' His book is a profound appeal to France's European obligations which his countrymen will certainly take very seriously. It testifies to the moral strength of the French nation that at a moment when a European war was already threatening, a great French writer could expose his nation to such a penetrating criticism.

Murry on Marxism

The Defence of Democracy. *By John Middleton Murry. London: Jonathan Cape. 1939.*

(Basil de Selincourt in the *Observer*, London)

MR. MURRY'S book is intended in the main for believers in the gospel according to Karl Marx, of whom there neither are nor ever have been very many in England. He hopes to liquefy their logic, to charm them into fresher perceptions and a humaner outlook. Marx, he allows, was everything they take him to have been; his word is sacred truth. But, in the first place, you must note just what he said; even the Leninian glosses are gravely misleading. In the second place you must consider how far the conditions we have now to deal with correspond with those he had in mind. The Marxist assumes that if history does not justify Karl Marx, history is to blame. But look at the facts. Marx wrote of a capitalistic society, which was to live by pure exploitation of the workers; we know of no such society in England today. English workers, women and men, are custodians of their own rights and interests.

To put it more broadly and more truly, we are all, so far as the State is concerned, co-partners, privileged to decide in common council what our way of life shall be. Therefore, in a democracy like ours, there is not and cannot ever be a revolutionary class. A revolutionary class, in the Marxian sense, is a body of men driven by necessity to burst the cerements of a social order which has enmeshed them and for life and freedom offers them only slavery and death. In a democracy there can be no such class, there can at best be revolutionary individuals. Revolutionary individuals Mr. Murry seems still to require. One wonders why he does not take another step and expose the ideal of revolution altogether.

The explanation is to be found, perhaps, in the quality of his idealism. The revolution in which he has come to believe he now calls Christianity, and he still hankers for some sort of Utopian consummation. The judgments he passes on his country's actions, the policy by which he considers she should be guided imply superhuman standards. He thinks that our true course would be to disarm immediately; he discusses sympathetically the idea of a strike against war, hoping that it would be answered by a similar strike in enemy countries; he is emphatic that, if war breaks out, we should renounce the bombing airplane. He regards us, in any case, as a guilty country, a country crippled by a sense of guilt, and only to be redeemed and freed by some conspicuous act of public repentance. All this, whatever value it may have for chosen individuals of a sensitivity equal to his own, obscures our common judgment of relevant and practical issues, because it implies an attribution to national policy of a higher degree of national self-consciousness than we have yet been able to attain. England, it is true, has recently become a democracy in the widest sense of the term. She has, in so doing, attained complete self-consciousness, says Mr. Murry; she has come of age. It would surely be truer to say that she has plunged anew into a kind of political infancy. Nothing, we admit, any longer hinders her citizens from growing up or from acting one day with full responsibility. At present (as many of Mr. Murry's

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criticisms only too clearly show) the bulk of them are politically children. How patent it must be at once, to any dispassionate observer, that the attempt to divide the country into two parties of Labor and Leisure, the notion that workers can be organized against idlers, is politically immature. Indeed, our democracy contains at present so many children that Mr. Murry's arraignment, like his idealism, goes right over its head.

I have been reading his book on board an Atlantic liner, in the enjoyment of all the luxuries which are now lavished on third-class passengers. Not the least of these (enjoyed in the third class exclusively) is to lean over the stern-rail and watch the Niagara torrent that foams and surges away perpetually in the wake of the propellers. The condition of success, I observe, in this small human adventure on the sea lies in that stern steady drive (a dreamy awareness of it goes with me all day long), while our important and civilized activities in saloon and cabin, sleeping, eating, thinking, count for no more than those of flies on a window pane.

Something of the same sort, I realize, happens all our lives through. Enormous power accompanies and sustains our actions. We steer our course in a maelstrom of contending forces, and should founder without them. The life and thought that loses touch with them is futile; they have to be reckoned with organically from the ground up. That is why the totalitarians, in their worship of strength, are right as far as they go. Democracy is not superior to totalitarianism because it exchanges strength for ideas or ideals. Only we need not allow crude strength to hypnotize us. The ideal is not to forsake strength, but to spiritualize it, to permeate it with directive thought, to multiply it by intelligent usage.

Too much of Mr. Murry's thought is vitiated by a failure to estimate coolly the amount and the quality of directive energy actually available. He shows, for example, that democracy rests, in the last resort, on the same kind of idealism as the Christian religion, with its respect for man as man. When we are true members of a democracy we are driven to demand equal rights not only for all our fellow-citizens but for all men everywhere. Thus, democracy infallibly leads to internationalism and the ultimate federation of the nations of the world. Here he is on solid ground. But he passes to the suggestion that the proper instructors of our people in their democratic responsibilities today are the clergy of the National Church. The unhappy truth is that there is more strength of directive thinking at present outside the Church than in it; that our thought in the Church is disqualified for leadership by its attachment to just such blinding literalities as afflict the Marxists. What a pity it is that a seeing man like Mr. Murry should care to cheat himself into the belief that the gravest problem of the day can be evaded under the ancient cover which words like 'supernaturalism' or 'revelation' provide.

We ought to distinguish the personal and the political more carefully in all our thinking. There is a sphere of moral example, there is a sphere of public counsel. No good is served by confusing them. It is true that there would be no crisis if we were all converted; yet it converts nobody to say so, and the truly converted will be the last to urge the mass to act as if their hearts were changed, when they are not. Nothing leads to deadlier disaster than cabin idealism which ignores the engine-room.

Phantasmagoria

Apparitions and Haunted Houses: A Survey of Evidence. *By Sir Ernest Bennett. London: Faber. 1939.*

(Desmond MacCarthy in the *Sunday Times*, London)

THIS is a collection of better attested stories of apparitions, sometimes of living people, sometimes of the dead;

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sometimes, too, of animals and even inanimate objects—carriages, ships. It contains a selection (104 cases) from that mass of material which those systematically interested in Psychical Research have thought it worth while to investigate. The reader must not conclude, however, that those who have devoted attention to this baffling region of inquiry have found all these reports equally credible: from internal evidence I surmise they could not have done so. But they are all first-hand reports, and such simple tests of a narrator's veracity as checking his dates or hunting up his references have been applied by those who originally edited them.

There is seldom reason to doubt the good faith of those who have recorded what they saw, but it is nearly always possible to question either (1) the accuracy of their memories, or (2) the objective reality of what they describe. Everyone who is at all self-observant knows how liable he is to alter in narration any experience which excited his own astonishment at the time it occurred, or is calculated when repeated to excite the wonder of others. Unconsciously we add an edge, a definiteness, to remembered impressions, and having once described them thus, it becomes harder than ever to recall the original experience accurately, just as it is harder to visualize an absent friend after having looked at his photograph. No candid man ever *quite* believes his own good stories. So much for the first door through which doubts may creep in.

The second, through which doubts about the independent existence of an apparition may pass, is closed when more than one person has seen it—unless we fall back on the hypothesis of 'collective hallucination.' But 'collective hallucination' seems to me a plausible hypothesis only when the two or more witnesses were in the same state of emotion or expectancy at the time of the occurrence. I can believe a crowd of people, watching, say, a dark window at which some terrified person has reported that he saw a mysterious face, all thinking they too saw it, and swearing afterwards that they had. But 'collective hallucination' cannot account for, say, Case 2 in this volume, in which a doctor returning from his rounds one night sees a little child on the landing as he goes upstairs, who is afterwards seen by his daughter in her own room and also by her sister entering that room. The reputation of most haunted houses can be accounted for by what might be called 'infectious hallucination,' except when evidence is strong that those who severally saw the ghost at different times had no notion that the house was haunted. This evidence, however, is seldom convincing, since it is precisely in making such assertions that people are particularly careless. Haunted houses have proved as a rule a great disappointment to investigators. I know not why, but always I have found that it is so; that when the glum researchers come, the brutes of bogeys—go.

Case 46 is a curious story with a probable explanation. A Mr. W. H. Stone, a leather factor in Hopstown, was leaving his office at half-past one, meditating on his bets for the coming St. Leger, when he saw an old one-armed publican he had known when he used as a youth to collect money from publicans. There this publican stood in his rather old-fashioned, sporting clothes, and with that iron hook protruding from his sleeve which he used to find so useful in clearing quarrelsome customers out of his bar. His face at once lit up when he saw Mr. Stone, who greeted him with pleasure, knowing that he was just the man with whom to talk over racing-odds and horses. They had a chat on the pavement, and Mr. Stone made a note of one or two pieces of information the old man gave him. Then, shaking him a second time warmly by the left hand, he went about his own business.

> As I got to the same part of P Street on my way back, I suddenly stood still, my whole body shook, and for the moment I tried to reason with myself. The

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man I had been speaking to was dead some four years before! . . . I certainly saw his funeral. . . . I felt a cold shiver come over me, although the day was warm; the hair of my head seemed as if it would force off my hat; my very blood seemed to object to perform its duty. . . . Was it really a vision of the departed? Let the reader judge for himself. I give it up.

Well? The explanation is that Mr. Stone was not mistaken about the publican's identity, but about his death. He had been misinformed about that funeral which he says he *saw*—mark, he does not even say he attended it.

But even if most of the apparitions in this book are explicable as hallucinations, that explanation does not exclude the possibility of some of them being due to the influence of one mind on another and at a distance. Sometimes this influence (if such it be) would seem to pass between two living separated people; sometimes between a living person and a dead one. The latter instances (always supposing thought-transference to be the correct explanation) would be extremely important indications of survival after death. The desire to find evidence for that is, of course, the main root of our interest in such phenomena.

Prophesy Unto Us

Hitler's Last Year of Power. *By Leonardo Blake. London: Andrew Dakers. 1939.*

(L. A. G. Strong in the *Manchester Guardian*)

ASTROLOGY purports to make a map of the tendencies and major probabilities of an individual or an institution, in a universe measured in terms of space and time, based upon the positions and relationships of certain objects in that universe at the hour of its birth. It is nowadays much in vogue. Popular newspapers give daily space to their astrologer, a practice denounced by orthodox scientists as an example of the grossest superstition.

The only thing which might make these scientists pay serious attention would be sustained accuracy of prediction. Mr. Blake is bold and definite. He claims previous successes, and has already added to them in this book, which foretells the present crisis, and the arrangement between Germany and the Soviet. His reading of the situation is based on the belief that the First Reich, founded by Bismarck, still survives under the surface. Mr. Blake is uncannily accurate in his forecast of Poland's trouble, but the whole crisis seems to have come a little earlier than he expected. He puts it down for September, gives an excellent picture of what has been happening, and says that we shall get through without a world war. He foretells further crises next year, to culminate in a convulsion which removes Hitler. The progress of the Reich toward democracy will be much expedited after his disappearance. Mr. Chamberlain's horoscope compares most favorably with Hitler's, and entirely vindicates his policy.

Although these forecasts will soon be tested, it is only honest for the reviewer to state his own position. I believe in the possibility of 'direct knowledge,' that is, knowledge reached intuitively, but, owing to its subjective color, almost always needing interpretation. There are various disciplines or techniques which assist the approach to such knowledge. I believe that astrology may be, at the least, one of the techniques by which direct knowledge can be reached.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
(Continued)

even after Hitler came to power. Americans seldom understand that I distinguish sharply between the present German government, which I regard as one of the most cruel, insane and dangerous of which world history knows, and the German people.

Just because I find such little understanding for this point of view, I should like to point out how deplorable and misleading is such an article as Paul Martin's. I do not question the single statements he made, I do not even doubt that they are based more or less on real experiences, but I do question the right for generalizations such as 'All German tourists. . . .' There is much truth in Martin's report, and I, who had to suffer for five years under the Nazi rule, I am the last to deny that there is no one who is perfectly protected against the influence of Nazi propaganda and ideology. But I cannot and do not believe that the minds of the entire Germany are goose-stepping. If that were true, if—as Paul Martin tries to make us believe—all Germans were narrow-minded Nazis, then we would have to lose all hope of a rebirth of the Germany we all love. But we, who believe that the Germany of Beethoven and Kant, of Goethe and Heine, of Mozart and of Lessing is not dead forever, we liberals in all the world, natives or refugees, we know that the main source of all the evils Nazism brought in the world are unjust generalizations and half-truths (which are far more dangerous than outright lies). That is just why we reject similar means in our fight against Nazism even if used as cleverly and pleasantly as they are by Paul Martin.

To some extent, I am a colleague of Mr. Martin: seven years ago, when the famous festivals of Oberammergau took place, such an unforeseen stream of Americans came to Munich that many students of the University of Munich were asked to act as guides through the town. I too did so, and I remember numerous questions, which we were asked again and again, and which sounded most amusing to us. But I must confess that we never stated 'All Americans think that babies drink beer instead of milk in Munich,' or 'All our tourists think that King Ludwig II of Bavaria did not die in Lake Starnberg, but is still kept prisoner,' etc. A last example: Mr. Martin ridicules 'the Nazi Tourists' because they do not know much of Lincoln, but only of Bismarck. It happened, nevertheless, just recently in my Senior class that a student answered the question 'When did Bismarck live?' with the laconic and certainly correct answer 'After Caesar'—but I never was tempted to formulate a generalization (as Mr. Martin likes to do), 'American students have no idea when Bismarck lived.'

Kansas City, Mo. HANS LAMM

Monroe Doctrine in the East

SIR: Your article entitled 'The Mikado Doctrine' in the October issue of THE LIVING AGE struck me as exceptionally timely in view of the fact that the American nations, meeting in Panama, reiterated and extended the Monroe Doctrine with respect to the course of the European conflict. But I am wondering whether the United States, which so arrogantly has set aside the Western Hemisphere for its own purposes, will recognize that the exploited people of Asia will similarly be allowed to say who can and who will determine their own destiny? As I recall my history, it seems to me that the United States has been pretty much concerned in extending its sway across the Pacific. This might have been our 'manifest destiny' but it certainly was not a natural expansion. We took Hawaii by a ruse—that is, American officials purposely staged a fake revolution which was our excuse for stepping into the islands after pledging Britain and France not to upset the Pacific *status quo*. At the same time, the United States went into the Philippines in a war that was trumped up to 'free' Cuba from Spanish imperialism. Cuba is considered an independent state, insofar as world politics are concerned. Yet it is not independent from American interests. The Philippines, on the other hand, have been seeking their freedom for forty years. In short, we are using the Philippines in order to keep our hand in the struggle for 'spheres of influence' in China.

The trouble is, of course, Japan is almost one hundred years too late in her decisions to do what England, Germany, France, Russia and the United States have done in the way of splitting up China. Today the United States, through underhand 'secret' understandings between the State Department and various industrial groups, has placed an unofficial stamp of disapproval on Japan. Just as

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the British Government has declared that England will fight Germany for the simple reason that Chamberlain was hoodwinked by Hitler and therefore does not like him, the United States seems to be in the same mood regarding the Japanese politicians. The abrogation of the 1911 trade treaty clearly indicates that Washington is making passes at Tokyo, and the massing of our fleet in the Pacific certainly does not indicate that America's traditional friendship to Japan is growing any warmer.

Will our traditional 'holier-than-thou' policy involve us in serious difficulties with Japan, who very well knows that the United States is the perpetual cat's-paw of the British?

Cincinnati, Ohio. HORACE L. BUCK

Comparative Neutrality

SIR: The article 'American Neutrality' in the October LIVING AGE brings out with startling vividness, indeed, the fundamental similarity of the United States' position at the outset of the present European hostilities to our situation at the outbreak of the late World War. Then, as now, the European clash was felt to be strictly none of our affair; now as then, we are casting about for means of avoiding entanglement. . . .

Leave aside the question of whether our Government has not fully met its own obligation in simply declaring its neutrality. Let the question go unasked as to the need or desirability of the Government's arbitrarily forcing our commerce to a passivity even beyond the measure imposed by high shipping rate, high marine insurance, and other non-political restraining factors. It is customary in the United States, as in the best of the Asiatic and European countries, to expect and permit Government to assume powers in any sphere of activity whatsoever; but in the United States, as in other democracies, we happily enjoy the right of *ex post facto* criticism and suggestion—for guidance next time. In pursuance of which, I wish to submit that it may be a trifle oversanguine for us to expect any abstract formula of 'neutrality' to cloak us from all interference from abroad. Indeed, in placing such emphasis on a formula, are we not up to our old trick of 'passing a miracle'—trying to cover everything imaginable under one generalization . . . ?

The timorous but perhaps prudent viewpoint is this: that any violence to any American would be a sure step toward involving us in the European affair. Those holding this view argue sweepingly for increasing the prohibitions upon our citizens' going, or sending ships or goods, to within range of even potential violence. 'Cash and carry!': as easy as that—let the buyer take the whole risk, and we are safe! The arguments advanced have a look of reasonableness about them: our ships are a national asset, not to be gambled with in perilous waters; sticking our ships into other nations' affairs is one way of getting hurt, drawn into the fight. Yet consider: if our ships are not to venture into 'dangerous waters,' can we be sure that vessels of other nations more venturesome will be ready at hand to bring us the things we imperatively require for our industries—yes, and for our petty comforts, too!—through the mine-infested waters around India, Malaya, China and other Asiatic and Pacific areas? We draw heavily upon much-entangled Africa and Asia for oils, foodstuffs, drugs, chrome and manganese and titanium, gems and aromatic tobaccos, fibers of many uses, rubber. Stop our ships from fetching and carrying these, and this country is, with respect to them, in the same position as Bolivia or the late Czecho-Slovakia—dependent upon being supplied through alien channels on their terms.

The fact is, as I see it, generalizing is poor protection. Why dupe ourselves into placing reliance, then, in sweeping policies laid down in advance without regard to the rapid unexpected shifts of circumstance which take place in times of general war? If we say we are neutral, that seems to me to be pronouncement enough. As a matter of national (not international) policy, I think it would be wise to retain the arms embargo: for reasons of defensive strategy—enough said. As to the rest, economic factors and trade-union policies and the dictates of national needs, leavened with native American sense, should be enough to see us through each occasion as it arises. If the Government were brought to the sharp realization that that is the way American citizens wish to operate, possibly our public servants might withdraw their 'emergency' pressure-propaganda from our midst, and leave us to our own unpanicked devices.

GERALD MCMAHAN

New York City.

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THE GUIDE POST

(*Continued*)

regular contributor of the *New Republic*, *Books Abroad* and other publications. [p. 225]

IN AN editorial on page 201 we have attempted to outline the aspirations of the more important neutral countries. In the section 'Among the Neutrals,' dealing with other countries who have declared their neutrality, three authors, among them Emil Ludwig, describe how Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and Spain are affected by the war atmosphere. [p. 232]

IN OUR story of this month, the author of *The Informer* and *Famine* draws another telling portrait. His 'King of Inishcam' is a typical Irish figure, violent in temper and proud as Lucifer, yet intrinsically honorable and possessing innate dignity. [p. 236]

NORMAN ANGELL has had such a diverse career that one can only enumerate a few highlights of it. Angell spent his youth in the United States. Returning to Europe in 1898, he acted as a correspondent for various American newspapers, and later, for ten years, as manager of the *Daily Mail*. Angell has more than thirty publications to his credit, best known of which is *The Great Illusion*, which appeared in eleven countries, and in five Hindu dialects. He was a Labor M. P. at the time when Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister. Knighted in 1930, he received the Nobel Prize in 1933. In our article, entitled 'Design for Peace,' Angell makes some constructive suggestions along the 'Union Now' idea. [p. 252]

ALTHOUGH the Russo-German Agreement has, to all intents and purposes, blasted the anti-Comintern Pact sky high, that Pact still has not been formally renounced. Nor are there as yet any indications that Russia and Japan have come to any far-reaching understanding, despite the Outer Mongolian border truce. Katsuji Fusé, who is on the editorial staff of the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, an independent paper not controlled by the Government, has long been the paper's staff correspondent in Europe. It is his contention that the Russo-German Pact has been concluded largely to alienate Germany from Japan. He also has some pungent remarks to make about the fact that Russia, ostracized only a few months ago, is now being wooed by the entire world. It is interesting to note that in the author's opinion the Soviet Union still has more in common with the democracies than with the totalitarian States. [p. 255]

H. I. KATIBAH, who is in close touch with all phases of the Arab national movement, is known throughout the Arab world by his writings in Arab newspapers. He has also for many years been special Near Eastern correspondent for a number of American newspapers. At present he is engaged in writing a philosophical interpretation of the new Arab spirit. In his article 'Islam and the War,' he describes how the present war affects the Islam world. [p. 265]

FROM the beginning of the war, the Allies have harbored the hope that it will be brought to an end by an internal revolution in Germany. Robert Powell, in his article entitled 'Revolt in Germany?', is very pessimistic over any such prospect, pointing out that the totalitarian habit-pattern is a hard one to throw off. [p. 268] An editorial writer in the *Schwarze Korps* launches one of the characteristic Nazi diatribes against 'British Perfidy.' [p. 270]

IN 'The Screen in Europe,' Frank Clements analyzes the problems with which the moving picture industry throughout Europe is confronted. [p. 272]

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